This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

In my copy of these
'Familiar odes' is
written: —

"The Author the
Rev^d. Thos Parsons
of Widcomb."

W. H. Allnutt
Feb. 20, 1891.

FAMILIAR

ODES AND EPISTLES,

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF THE YOUNG.

BY THE

FATHER OF A FAMILY.

CHIPPING-NORTON:

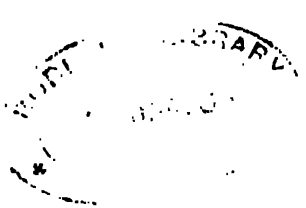
Printed and Published by G. M. Smith:

And sold by B. J. HOLDSWORTH, St. Paul's-Church-Yard, London;

T. SMITH, NEW-BOND-STREET, BATH; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1821.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.



G. M. Smith, Chipping-Norton.

TO MY

CHILDREN, GRAND-CHILDREN,

And Juvenile Friends.

By many of you, a considerable number of the following Pieces will be easily recollected: they have been already presented to you, in the course of our epistolary correspondence. To you, dear objects of my kindest solicitude, I now address them in a public form. They were composed for your gratification and improvement. Accept, then, this little Volume, as dictated by an affectionate desire, to promote your best interest, and your truest happiness.

Whatever be the privations, which young People consider as inseparable from old age, it is a period, often distinguished by peculiar advantages; and by no means destitute of rational enjoyment. The evening of Life, is sometimes cheered with a sedate and tranquil joy, which manhood in its meridian, never experienced. Accumulated wisdom, in numerous instances, qualifies Age, for entertaining and improving the young: and when combined with a temper amiable and communicative, presents you with a rich source of knowledge and of pleasure. Your obliging assiduities and delicate attentions, will open the stores of sage experience, call forth the long-forgotten anecdote, suggest new associations of thought; and, whilst administering to the comfort of the hoary head,

will multiply your mental treasures, and secure to your own hearts the most pleasurable reflections.

Hope, the lenient balm of life in every stage, is peculiarly friendly to a good Man, who, advancing to the limits of this world, sees himself on the precincts of a better. Yet his cares and expectations, are not wholly absorbed in the solemnities of approaching immortality: perceiving around him his young associates, and marking with pleasure, every emanation of goodness and piety in their dispositions and conduct, he anticipates the happy result; and indulges the consoling assurance, that when a few more years are elapsed, and he himself is silent in the dust, they will exhibit human nature in its highest excellence, and become useful, exemplary, and happy.

Dear Youths! adopt and encourage congenial wishes, and exert every effort to realize the prospects which fond attachment forms. Yours is the morning of existence. An immense scene opens before you. Pleasure in all her variety of aspects, will allure; but her promises are generally treacherous, and the consequences of delusion often fatal. Virtue and Religion are your voluntary guides: solicit their aid; pay willing homage to their dictates; imbibe their principles, and confide in their efficacy, and in the permanency of the happiness which they propose and insure. The obligations of duty, and the cultivation of benevolent sentiments, will constitute your employment. Thus occupied, and under such tuition, may you become the ornaments of society, and a blessing to your con-

nexions! May your course through this temporary state of frail mortality, be like the rising light, shining brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day!

I am, with the warmest solicitude for your usefulness here, and your felicity hereafter,

Your affectionate Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of the following Sheets begs to observe that, though the Author designed them for the Press, they now meet the public eye, under the obvious disadvantage of being Published after his decease.

Contents.

	Page.
Title, Preface, and Contents	i—xii
The Author to his young Readers	13
Prospect of Spring	16
The Red-breast	18
Morning Reflection	20
Evening Reflection	22
The Swan	24
Caution	28
Aurora	30
Night	32
The Snow-drop	34
On Spring	36
The Mother's Song	39
Compassion	42
New Year's Day	44

Page.

To a Young Lady in Affliction..... 46
Diligence..... 48
The World Delusive..... 50
Vacation Song..... 52
Nature perishable..... 54
Against pertness..... 56
Adversity..... 59
The Heart's-ease..... 61
Against Rash Judgment..... 63
The best Choice..... 65
The benevolent Girl..... 67
The vain Beauty..... 69
Reflections on a Wet Day..... 71
The Bower..... 73
The Rose and the Lily..... 75
The Benefits of Affliction..... 76
Anger..... 79
The Christian Principle always Amiable..... 82
Sun Setting..... 85
The Flower..... 87
The Primeval Sabbath..... 88
To Maria..... 91

	Page.
To-morrow Precarious	94
Love the Universal Principle	96
Reflections at the end of Vacation	99
The Lily of the Valley	104
The Source of Divine Knowledge	107
Lines to Mary and Eliza with a Bible	110
Biography	113
Idleness	115
To a Dissipated Young Man	117
A Spring Morning	120
Laudable Emulation	122
The Hawk	125
Mental Exertion	127
The Flood	130
The Woodbine	131
The Farewell	133
Friendship requires delicacy	137
The Rose	140
Reputation	143
The Funeral	146
The Arts	148
To Harriet on her Birth-day	152

Page.

Vain Wishes..... 155
Wit..... 158
Physiognomy..... 160
The Happy Cottager..... 163
Science..... 167
Placability..... 171
The Myrtle..... 174
The Daisy..... 176
Truth..... 177
Happiness rarely possessed..... 180
Friendship..... 185
Widcomb..... 186
A Sketch of the Months..... 203
Domestic Sorrows..... 226

ODES AND EPISTLES.

TO MY YOUNG READERS.

THOUGH conscious of declining powers,
To you I tune, at leisure hours,
  My long neglected lyre ;
To cherish in the minds of Youth
The love of piety and truth
  My first, my sole desire.

Blooming and lovely as you are,
I wish to guard with anxious care,
  Your unsuspecting hearts :
For Pride and Passion are your foes,
And Vanity and Vice oppose,
  And Error points her darts.

The sweetest scenes that meet our eyes,
Which Nature's varied face supplies,
  Assist the kind design;
The innumerable Stars of light,
Which throw their splendors through the night,
  For your instruction shine.

The events of life present a field,
Which will to observation yield,
  Improvement all the way:
The wintry storm that intervenes,
Between our most enchanting scenes,
  Will sober truth convey.

The mind accustom'd to reflect,
Some fine ideas may collect,
  Familiar or abstruse,
From all that's seen or heard or known,
And gain a treasure of its own,
  Which multiplies by use.

One favourite object marks my plan;
I cull my subjects as I can,
  My winding path along;

Yet in my gayest flights propose,
With moral sentiment to close,
The unambitious song.

Happy, if, whilst the unpolish'd strain,
Attempts at least to entertain,
Such counsel I impart,
Sanction'd by principles divine,
As shall to excellence incline
And fix the youthful heart!

Through life may Virtue be your guide,
Truth o'er your thoughts and words preside,
And Peace your constant guest!
Whilst the sweet bloom upon your cheek,
And the calm lucid eye, bespeak
How richly you are blest!

Thus may your generous conduct show,
What benefits from wisdom flow;
Thus every power employ,
Until, the scene of action past,
Your sun shall set serene at last,
To rise in endless joy!

PROSPECT OF SPRING.

Relinquishing his rigid reign,
Stern Winter soon shall quit the plain.
Meanwhile impatient Fancy flies,
To hail the Spring from southern skies;
Anticipates her various sweets,
Her flowery fields, and gay retreats,
Her fertile vales, and sunny glades,
Her winding walks, and silent shades,
Her cultur'd plains, and verdant hills,
Her murmuring streams, and tinkling rills,
Her genial rays, and balmy showers,
Her numerous tribes of blooming flowers,
And forms a thousand charms beside,
To deck the Earth in vernal pride.

What joy to rise at early dawn,
To trip it o'er the dewy Lawn;
To breathe the pure untainted breeze,
The spirits light, the heart at ease;

To see the Sun resplendent rise,
O'er the gay scene that round us lies;
Whilst the glad Earth with plenty teems,
Smiling beneath his brilliant beams;
To ascend the Mountain's lofty brow,
Charm'd with the extended view below;
To hear the Linnet strain her throat,
The Sky-lark pour a shriller note,
The Blackbird whistling from the spray,
Or Nightingale's melodious lay;
To see the Cattle all around,
Slow-pacing o'er the daisied ground;
And, full of glee, the playful lambs,
Sporting about their watchful dams!

Thus Fancy one gay hour employs,
Predicting Spring's expected joys:
My Fanny's heart to reconcile
To wait for happier days awhile.
And thus in every state we strive,
To keep our ardent hopes alive:
Possession generally cloys,
We live upon expected joys;
And they are happy, they are wise,
Whose prospects reach beyond the skies!

TO THE RED-BREAST.

FAMILIAR Bird! I'm often charm'd,
To hear thy sprightly lay;
To see thee cheerful, unalarm'd,
About my threshold play:

To mark thy plumage, brilliant eye,
And motions so alert;
So quick each danger to descry,
So timid, yet so pert.

Come then, whene'er with want opprest,
And here that want relieve;
The kind heart feels, "it is more blest,
"To give than to receive."

Here feed by day, here rest at night,
Secure from every wrong;
And when thy little heart is light,
Repay me with a song.

Yet of thy friendship much I doubt,
For thou art pinch'd with cold;
No shelter canst thou find without,
And hunger makes thee bold.

And when to Summer Winter yields,
My fickle Guest will fly,
Renounce my home, for distant fields,
Nor heave one parting sigh.

'Tis Nature's plan, and I'm content,
My Red-breast, thou art free;
And when thy foreign stores are spent,
Return and dwell with me.

MORNING REFLECTION.

See, the twilight fades away,
Stars retreating from the eye,
And the glorious Orb of Day,
Rising in the eastern sky!

Round the world his genial rays,
Vital energy impart;
And to wake the song of praise,
Gladden every human heart.

Generous, active, and benign,
Bounty's unexhausted source!
Widely as his splendours shine,
Goodness marks his brilliant course.

Thus Benevolus arose,
Thus commences his employ;
Blest and blessing as he goes,
Seeking good and giving joy.

Life is but a changing scene,
  Constant change of day and night!
Clouds and darkness intervene,
  And obscure fair Virtue's light:

But the period will arrive,
  When these changes shall be o'er,
When the Righteous shall revive,
  And their glories fade no more.

EVENING REFLECTION.

MARK the swift-descending Sun,
Rolling downward to the west;
His diurnal work is done,
And serene he sinks to rest.

Yet though vanish'd from my sight,
Hope expects his glad return:
Whilst, to cheer the shades of night,
Thousand Stars incessant burn.

Now the Landscape late so gay,
Now the Garden's varied bloom,
Lovely progeny of Day!
Sink in one extended gloom!

But when Earth her charms denies,
Heaven attracts the exploring eye,
And its lucid Orbs supplies,
Scatter'd o'er the azure sky.

Thus when sorrow veils the mind,
  Thus when overwhelm'd with grief,
To a world of bliss refin'd,
  Virtue flies and finds relief.

Though depriv'd of joy I go,
  Truth shall guide me all the way;
Hope its cheering aid bestow,
  Faith conduct me up to day.

THE SWAN.

Events of trivial consequence,
Will sometimes prove severe;
The dying Linnet may have cost,
Its owner many a tear.

To embellish Avon's winding stream,
Our civic Guardian's plac'd
Some Swans, just where the river bends
Half round this seat of taste.

Their graceful motions, swift or slow,
The verdant banks between;
Gave pleasure to the admiring eye,
And much improv'd the scene.

Their orange beaks, and snowy plumes
So exquisitely white;
And forms so elegant, combin'd
To give us new delight.

Whate'er the Grecian Sages teach,
And to the Swan impute;
The Muses ne'er inspire them now,
With us they're always mute.

But there's a harmony of shape,
Of attitude and mien;
Which, without voice, to be admir'd,
Needs only to be seen.

Oft we observ'd the female guide
Her Cygnets safe along;
And, all maternal, check her speed
To accommodate her young.

To guard his family, the male
With breast protruded brave,
Inflated wings, and neck low bent,
Preceding, plough'd the wave.

Our children hail'd the lovely guests,
Giving to each a name;
And with alacrity supplied
Their wants whene'er they came.

Sometimes emerging from the flood,
They spurn'd the willow shades;
And soaring on their ample wings
Fled over the Parades.

One flatt'ring but unhappy morn,
Aloft sublime they flew;
But in their ill-directed flight,
Too near each other drew:

One, loveliest of the downy race,
Receiv'd a fatal stroke,
That with resistless force applied,
His dexter pinion broke.

Flutt'ring and headlong down he fell,
Into the stream profound;
And struggling, but in vain, awhile
Was in the Avon drown'd.

At his disastrous fate, poor Bird!
The gentle Breezes sighs;
The weeping Willows pendant droop,
And clouds obscure the Sky.

His sad survivors, rudely teaz'd,
And persecuted sore;
Their nests disturb'd, their eggs destroy'd,
Soon left the hated shore.

Drawn from his Wing, I've long preserv'd,
The Quill with which I write;
And, by its aid unconscious, thus
The piteous tale recite.

Mortals! repress your efforts wild,
Balloons are dang'rous things;
Nor aim presumptuously to fly,
Till you are made with wings.

The feather'd tribes are form'd for flight,
'Tis natural to them;
Though their disasters we lament,
Your rashness we condemn.

CAUTION.

Regard the counsels wise and kind,
  Experience may impart;
Revolve them often in your mind,
  And bind them on your heart.

Folly and Vice, in every form,
  Surround the path you tread;
And the rash youth, with passions warm,
  Is easily misled.

Slight deviations from the right,
  Though small the difference seems,
The inconsiderate will excite,
  To culpable extremes.

Thus several tracks may, side by side,
  Appear to point one way;
Yet gradually diverging wide,
  Deceive and lead astray.

The thoughtless, confident, and vain,
Regardless of their state,
Advice and warning will disdain,
And rush upon their fate.

The cautious Youth, who fears to offend,
Will make a friend of Fear;
And timid virtue, in the end,
Shall triumph, if sincere.

Life's a probationary term,
Trials will prove our strength;
Our better principles confirm,
And give success at length.

Heaven smiles upon the effort weak,
Which its own cause inspires;
The bruised reed it will not break,
Nor quench the struggling fires.

AURORA.

The Lark salutes the purple morn,
  Enlivening is the balmy breeze;
The dew-drops glitter on the thorn,
  And every object wakes to please.

The social walk and converse sweet,
  Amidst the scenes which Spring has drest,
Give to the pulse a quicker beat,
  And kindle rapture in the breast.

For Pleasure there delights to rove,
  Pure Pleasure innocent and free;
And warbling from the vocal grove,
  Flow the soft strains of melody.

There Peace with aspect mild resides,
  To soothe her visitants awhile;
Like the clear stream that calmly glides,
  And, as it glides, bids nature smile.

There rosy Health each charm preserves,
  Glows on the cheek with blushes warm;
Gives a new vigour to the nerves,
  And adds fresh beauty to the form.

And there from every object round,
  Devotion elevates the Soul;
For all HIS constant praise resound,
  Whose goodness animates the whole.

Nature invites, her call obey;
  She all her blooming tribes displays;
And whilst her wonders you survey,
  Join in the bounteous Author's praise.

NIGHT.

Now Silence, solemn and profound,
Reigns unmolested all around:
The cares and toils of day subside,
And Darkness spreads its empire wide.

Yet the pale Regent of the Night,
Sheds o'er the earth her placid light;
Whilst, twinkling round the etherial plain,
Unnumber'd stars compose her train.

Sleep, gentle Sleep, to soothe my woes,
Invites my limbs to calm repose;
Pours on my lids the grateful balm,
And bids my aching heart be calm.

Friend of the wretched! when distrest,
Thy bosom is my place of rest:
There sweet tranquillity I gain,
And dream of joys exempt from pain.

Indulgent Heaven! whose lenient plan,
Consults the benefit of Man;
Bids him suspend his active powers,
And his exhausted strength restores!

Accept, Great God! my warmest praise,
Thy kindness marks my fleeting days;
And every night does but fulfil,
And prove thy mercy boundless still!

THE SNOW-DROP.

Little harbinger of Spring,
  Foremost of the blooming train;
Pretty stranger, that dost bring,
  Expectations never vain!

Little unambitious flower,
  That in spite of rain and snow,
(Such is Nature's genial power)
  Wilt in February blow!

Though stern Winter chills the skies,
  Thou art struggling to be free;
And the distant Sun supplies,
  Just enough of warmth for thee.

From the crisp and frozen sod,
  Thou thy modest head dost lift;
Starting from the stubborn clod,
  Nature's first and fairest gift.

Low thy stature, aspect meek,
As reluctant to be seen;
Pendent from thy stalk so weak,
Snowy cup with tinge of green!

Thou no sweetness canst impart,
Yet dost early beauty claim:
Innocence devoid of art
Will secure thy rural fame.

Slender merits may prevail
Gayer wishes to employ;
And the Messenger we hail,
That predicts approaching joy!

ON SPRING.

Oft as along th' enamell'd fields I stray,
To chase the melancholy hours away,
I seek the shade, by Nature's hand design'd
T' indulge the lonely, meditative, mind.—
Here I invoke the Muse in humble strains;
Smiling she comes! nor song of mine disdains.
Propitious to her vot'ry's youthful fires,
She tunes each note, each better thought inspires.

As a lone traveller, at close of day,
Thro' desert, trackless, wilds mistakes his way;
Oppress'd with hunger, cold, depriv'd of light,
While fast around him close the shades of night;
Soon as Aurora streaks the eastern skies,
And gloomy darkness with pale horror flies,
Joy warms his breast, and sparkles in his eyes!

So, when fierce Winter's storms and tempests cease,
When the keen blast and chilling frost decrease;
When Spring assumes her mild and gentle reign,
Warms the dank earth, revives the desert plain;

With inward pleasure every bosom glows,
And o'er Creation cheering vigour flows.

Hail, genial Spring! at thy reviving rays,
All Nature smiles, and every charm displays.
The verdant fields, the garden's richest dress,
All thy delightful influence confess.
The stately trees are rob'd in vivid green,
And flowering shrubs adorn the rising scene:
With future plenty cloth'd the fields appear,
And from the blades spring up the foodful ear:
The sloping lawns are with rich verdure crown'd;
The level meads with cattle throng'd around;
While airy Songsters tune the vocal sound.

The Snow-drop first adorns th' approaching year,
And Crocuses their golden petals rear:
The Hyacinth and gay Narcissus bloom,
Spreading around a fragrant rich perfume;
Th' imperial Lily shows her pendent head,
Reigning sole empress of the flowery bed:
The bold Ranunc'lus swells in martial pride;
Th' Anemone displays its beauties wide:

The noble Tulip elevated stands,
And every variegated charm expands.
But far surpassing all the beauteous throng,
The gay Auricula demands my song:
Th' Auric'la boasts unnumber'd, curious, dies,
And all the Beauties of the field defies:—
Her tints of gold, her streaks of vivid blue,
And Tyrian stains, which Nature's pencil drew
A vast variety, for ever new!
Here, with unequall'd lustre, Monarchs shine,
Heroes and Princes of illustrious line!
Innum'rous other verdant beauties rise,
To charm the senses, and delight the eyes.
See, Plenty waving o'er the fertile vale,
The green ears trembling to the balmy gale!
Hail, Britain! hail, thou ever favour'd isle!
Luxuriant Plenty ever deigns to smile,
And shower her blessings, with a lib'ral hand,
In rich profusion, o'er thy fruitful land.

While Heav'n with peace and plenty crowns
our days,
O, let our hearts pour out, in frequent lays,
The warm effusions of our grateful praise!

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

Welcome little lovely Stranger!
Welcome to a Mother's arms!
Angels guard thee from all danger,
And preserve thine infant charms!

Fairest Creature! what perfection
In thy cherub form I view!
Pledge of congugal affection,
Seal of wedded love so true!

Heaven bestows so rich a treasure,
To employ my willing powers:
Source of new domestic pleasure,
To delight our social hours.

Yes, I'll trace thy growing beauty,
With a fond and partial eye;
And perform each pleasing duty,
All thy wishes to supply.

This fair form, though frail, possesses
Mental excellence enshrin'd;
Every feature there expresses,
Traits of an immortal mind.

Mine the task, the blest employment,
To instruct and guard thy heart!
Mine the exquisite enjoyment,
Early virtue to impart!

Moral Song and sacred Story,
Shall thy memory engage;
Truth divine and future glory,
Shall allure thy tender age.

Thus, my Child, each grace possessing,
I will rear thee up to Man:
Gracious Heaven! may thy blessing,
Realize the pious plan!

Yet my hopes are mixt with trembling,
Mortal comforts, Oh! how vain!
Splendid favours are dissembling,
Lent to be reclaim'd again!

But away, ye sad surmises,
Nor intrude with terrors wild:
Gratitude the blessing prizes,
Providence protects my child.

Bounteous Lord! such goodness flowing,
From the source of life above,
Fills my heart with rapture glowing,
With supreme delight and love!

COMPASSION.

This morning, as I walk'd abroad,
A lowly Cot I spied,
And drawing near, a little Boy
Stood at the door, and cried.

I ask'd him, why he wept so sore?
With sobs and sighs he said,
"Well, pretty Master, may I weep,
"We starve for want of bread.

"No fire, no food, to cheer our hearts;—
"My Father long since dead,—
"My little Sisters starving too,—
"My Mother sick a-bed."—

O'ercome with pity, "Here," said I,
"Is all my present store;
"And from my very heart I wish
"That it were ten times more."

His Sisters now were gather'd round,
And on their knees did fall:
"God bless you!" said the little Boy;
"God bless you!" said they all.

My heart did ache, my tears did flow;
I hasten'd from the door;
And, if my wishes can prevail,
They'll weep for want no more.

Now, tho' my heart was almost broke,
I never felt, at play,
Such peace—such pleasure, all my life,
As I have known to day.

Oh, were I rich, I'd be content
With mod'rate food and dress;
And all the Poor in me should find
A friend in their distress.

NEW YEARS DAY.

ANOTHER fleeting year is clos'd,
Of sorrows and of joys compos'd;
And sadly chequer'd has it been,
With folly, vanity, and sin.

Another year begins to day,
How fast the seasons fly away!
'Tis time to think upon the past,
For this, perhaps, may be my last!

How have I flung away my hours!
How misapplied my mental powers!
My conscience rouz'd, reproach'd in vain,
And often I relaps'd again!

My path with countless mercies strew'd,
With cold ingratitude I view'd!
With all the means of knowledge blest,
I banish'd wisdom from my breast!

Great God! thy energy impart,
Subdue and renovate my heart;
O save me from the snares of youth,
And lead me in the path of truth!

Henceforward may this soul of mine,
With all its faculties be thine!
And whilst I live, may all my days,
Be dedicated to thy praise!

Then, though the year begin or end,
Shall mercy through the whole extend:
And, should the final summons come,
'Twill call me to a blissful home!

Meanwhile, as days and seasons roll,
To Heaven's high will I'll bend my soul;
Obedience prompt shall ever prove
My filial gratitude and love.

Thus shall the residue of time,
Prepare me for a sphere sublime;
Where no temptations lead astray,
Where every tear is wip'd away!

TO A YOUNG LADY IN AFFLICTION.

Though much the joys of health we prize,
And so reluctantly resign;
When Heaven the precious boon denies,
It still forbids us to repine.

When meek submission bends the heart,
And reconciles us to the rod;
Calmly we bear the transient smart,
And trace the kind designs of God.

O yes, 'tis kind, when Heaven benign,
Consoles whilst it inflicts the stroke;
And with a tenderness divine,
Imposes but an easy yoke!

Health unimpaired, too oft prepares,
For thoughtless unsuspecting youth,
A thousand fascinating snares,
To allure them from the path of truth.

Adversity dissolves the charms,
That bind the immortal spirit down;
Whilst faith the force of grief disarms,
By pointing to a glorious crown.

Inviolable Love directs
The threatening storms which thus arise;
From every fatal blast protects,
And bears us upwards to the skies.

Blest expectation! prospect bright!
Secured by everlasting truth;
To soar to infinite delight!
To flourish in immortal youth!

DILIGENCE.

INDUSTRY is its own reward,
Nor is the object miss'd;
For though the conflict may be hard,
They triumph who persist.

The inconstant youth cannot succeed,
So fickle is his will;
Now running with impatient speed,
Then, breathless, standing still.

The steady and assiduous mind,
Unwearied in the chace;
Will leave a sprightlier boy behind,
Who moves with doubtful pace.

'Tis application more than skill,
That makes attainment sure;
And persevering efforts will
The well-earn'd prize secure.

Your labour crown'd with due success,
How happy will you feel!
Whilst all around commend and bless,
Your steadiness and zeal.

Your knowledge thus extending wide,
The richest stores supplies;
And splendid scenes on every side,
In vast perspective rise.

THE WORLD DELUSIVE.

How early is the untaught mind,
By flattery beguil'd!
The World with promises, so kind,
Deceived me from a child.

A dupe to expectations gay,
The approaching year I hail'd;
Nor thought, till vanish'd quite away,
Such prospects could have fail'd.

But disappointments ne'er subdu'd,
They gave desire new strength;
The distant joy I still pursu'd,
And hop'd success at length.

My infant years fled soon away,
Childhood with rival speed;
And untried pleasures, every day,
To blasted hopes succeed.

Then youth impetuous form'd the scheme,
That must my bliss complete;
But manhood prov'd it all a dream,
And prov'd itself a cheat.

Thus age arrives, and I am taught,
The simple fact is this,
That in ourselves lies all the fault,
If happiness we miss.

Ourselves we constantly delude,
The World we wrongly blame;
Its history does not include,
The joys we fondly claim.

Did Heaven but share that love and zeal,
Which we to Earth confine;
We should a sacred pleasure feel,
A bliss almost divine.

From thence alone the blessings flow,
That can our hopes fulfil;
And the Most High will these bestow,
On all who do his will.

VACATION SONG.

Written for a School of young Ladies.

Though the Winter with aspect severe,
All frowning and gloomy is come;
Yet the season will ever be dear,
That gives us the prospect of Home.

Though the landscapes, so faded and sad,
Are stripp'd of their beautiful green;
Yet shall Nature look cheerful and glad,
When Christmas enlivens the scene.

Though no flowers the meadows adorn,
The woodland no music imparts;
We will welcome with rapture the morn,
That brings us the wish of our hearts.

Th' poor bird that awhile is confin'd,
Though fed and protected it be;
Thus regretting its joys left behind,
Impatiently longs to be free.

Now adieu to each kind-hearted friend,
Our much-lov'd Preceptress adieu!
Your instructions ere long we'll attend,
For gratitude binds us to you.

But, how pleasant the sound of the wheels!
How cheerful the Nags pace along!
Though the vapour each object conceals,
We'll brighten the way with a song!

See, the Sun is dispersing the mist,
And shines all around us so gay;
As intending our joys to assist,
And gild with his splendours the day!

Now approaching with thrilling delight,
Sweet Home with its numerous charms;
What transports of joy! Our Parents in sight!
—— And we fondly clasp'd in their arms!

NATURE PERISHABLE.

See, my little lovely Friend!
How the Seasons roll away;
See the Spring her charms suspend,
And to Summer yield the day:

Short its reign! The verdant meads,
Strew'd with faded leaves so fast,
Tell us Autumn now succeeds,
And that Winter comes at last.

Rapid Change! that year by year,
Shews us life in every stage;
Marking well the short career,
Up from infancy to age!

Yet superior far is man,
To the flower that blooms and dies;
Heaven has form'd the gracious plan,
That exalts him to the skies:

Whilst the transient joys of earth,
  Perish to revive no more;
He can boast a nobler birth,
  And to purer regions soar.

There shall Virtue ever bloom,
  Friendship there for ever reign;
Nor shall storm or wintry gloom,
  E'er obscure the blissful plain.

One perpetual Spring shall there,
  Safe from every noxious blast,
Ever blooming bright and clear,
  Through eternal ages last.

Light, and Life, and Peace, and Joy,
  Gladden all the realms above;
Tuneful praise the blest employ,
  And the theme, immortal love.

AGAINST PERTNESS.

Dear Joseph, there's a glaring fault,
Too frequent with the young:
Which proves, at least, a want of thought,
I mean, a saucy tongue.

The pertness partial fondness may
Without restraint permit,
To better judges will betray,
A total want of wit.

Obliging manners, language kind,
From haughty airs exempt;
Will always please a gen'rous mind,
And guard you from contempt.

Whether, in station or in age,
Superiors are address'd,
Respectful looks and words engage
Their prompt attention best.

Reap some advantage from debate,
When subjects are discuss'd;
And ne'er provoke, by idle prate,
Indifference or disgust.

Apt questions, modestly preferr'd,
That shew you wish to learn,
With approbation will be heard,
And win a mild return.

The esteem which you yourself expect,
Your equals too may claim:
Harsh words produce no good effect,
And will defeat your aim.

You feel the affront, and will condemn
The rudeness shewn to you;
Then what in others you would blame,
That in yourself subdue.

To inferiors courteously behave,
Obligingly and kind:
Reproachful language, to a slave,
Betrays a vulgar mind.

Their feelings are as strong as yours,
  Their wit perhaps as keen;
Tartness their errors never cures,
  And to insult, is mean.

Dear Joseph, let your conduct then,
  Show you approve my verse;
Nor let Heaven's choicest gift to men,
  Become, in you, a curse.

ADVERSITY.

What storms of grief and trouble rise,
And darken these inferior skies!
The hope, the life, of Man, how vain,
Born to calamity and pain!

Allur'd by Pleasure's specious charms,
We spring with rapture to her arms:
But Ah! the promis'd bliss expires,
In fruitless hopes, and vain desires!

Youth, Beauty, Vigour, Health, unite,
To yield us exquisite delight:
Disease arrests the feeble frame,
And soon expires the vital flame!

Our kind Associates and Friends,
Whom Heaven benevolently lends;
Torn from our fond embraces die,
And hid in dark oblivion, lie!

Unceasing cares, corroding strife,
Pursue us through the maze of life;
And in succession form below,
One complicated scene of Woe!

But there's a World of perfect rest,
Whence comfort dawns to soothe my breast:
The various ills of life I'll bear,
Till Mercy wafts me safely there.

Mercy, the parting clouds between,
Will sometimes gild the gloomy scene:
And finally the whole shall prove,
One rich and grand display of Love!

THE HEART'S-EASE.

Sprightly animated Flower,
Boasting beauty rarely found,
Smiling gayly every hour,
Blooming all the seasons round!

Botanists thy parts describe,
And thy envied station set,
With the highly-favor'd tribe,
With the lovely Violet.

Though thy Sisters blue or white,
Yield a fragrance all admire;
Thou canst also give delight,
And to brighter charms aspire.

Soft as velvet, rich as gold,
Blended with the Tyrian dye,
Colours glowing rich and bold,
As the Rainbow's in the Sky!

Thou requirest little aid,
All thy wants are Sun and Air;
Scanty space and chilling shade,
Will thy splendour much impair.

Costly Plants, which rarely blow,
Let capricious affluence prize;
Beauties cheap around us grow,
Which true Taste will ne'er despise.

AGAINST RASH JUDGMENT.

When the frail mortal, in the dust,
Is hidden from our view;
All candid minds esteem it just,
To hide its follies too.

Our judgments seldom are exact,
Reports will but disguise;
And often, for the simple fact,
Impose upon us lies.

We rarely know, whate'er the event,
How circumstances stood;
The action argues good intent,
Which in itself was good.

How could you bear the envenom'd tongue,
That, loving still to prate,
Ascribes your conduct, right or wrong,
To motives which you hate?

To form a judgment from apart,
  Which criminates the whole,
Implies, howe'er conceal'd by art,
  A narrowness of Soul.

The rule which others should observe,
  When they decide on you;
Adopt, nor from the standard swerve,
  You'll find it always true.

Judge candidly, if judge you must,
  And never be severe;
Lest, when at God's tribunal just,
  You find no mercy there!

THE BEST CHOICE.

SUPREME Disposer of my life!
And whose are all my ways:
Who canst approve my fervent prayer,
And turn that prayer to praise.

I ask not Wealth, my portion, thou
In mercy wilt bestow;
And satisfied with this, my heart
With gratitude shall glow.

I ask not Honour, 'tis a snare,
In which the proud are caught;
In which the ambitious and the vain,
Are to perdition brought.

I ask not Joys of mortal growth,
Unholy and unblest;
That disappoint our fond pursuit,
And cheat us when posses'd.

I ask not Power, which if obtain'd
Might to injustice lead;
And, misapplied, become the cause
Of some atrocious deed.

I ask not length of Days, for thou
Their number wilt assign;
And whether long or short, my life,
My will submits to thine.

I ask, and Oh! my prayer accept,
The Wisdom from above,
That renovates, and forms the heart,
To purity and love.

Be this the principle divine,
That shall my conduct guide,
My passions check, my will subdue,
And o'er my thoughts preside.

Thus shall the actions of my life,
Be all directed right;
And the sure path, by which I go,
Shine with increasing light.

THE BENEVOLENT GIRL.

How often has Sophia known,
Her joys fresh lighted up,
When she has found the Poor, and thrown
Some blessings in their cup!

Oft has she tasted pleasure sweet,
When with an angel's voice,
Entering the Widow's lone retreat,
She bade her heart rejoice.

And she has exquisite delight,
Within her bosom felt,
When at her knee, a charming sight!
The grateful Orphan knelt.

And she has oft suspended pain,
Bade sorrow cease to mourn;
The livid cheek its bloom regain,
And vig'rous health return.

And she can then, as taste inclines,
Retire and muse alone,
On Heaven's benevolent designs,
Thereby to fix her own.

No vanity inflates her breast,
Nor does she dream of fame;
And her Admirers please her best,
When they conceal her name.

THE VAIN BEAUTY.

Or Nature's bounty you may boast,
It has perform'd its part;
But, Ah! the mental charm is lost,
Which penetrates the heart!

The fair complexion, sparkling eye,
And features without fault,
If void of meaning, but imply
Vacuity of thought.

The external form will soon decay;
But the bright gem enshrin'd,
Reflecting Heaven's etherial ray,
Is an immortal mind.

'Tis Intellect, a spark divine!
That must inspire the whole;
And trace in each expressive line,
The virtues of the Soul.

Inferior charms, when thus allied,
More certain in their aim,
Extort the applause to you denied,
And mortify your claim.

The well-wrought Statue, we may praise,
It shews the Artist's skill;
But, whilst his genius it displays,
Is lifeless marble still.

The human face, in spite of art,
Like the translucent pane,
Shews us sometimes a vacant heart,
As worthless as 'tis vain.

REFLECTIONS ON A WET DAY.

Whilst thousands forc'd to toil abroad,
Are wetted to the skin;
Home's peaceful comforts I enjoy,
And keep secure within.

My roof is sound, and proof against
The long-continued storm;
And my brisk fire is just enough,
To keep my parlour warm.

A friendly visit, when 'tis fair,
With pleasure I enjoy:
It keeps the social flame alive,
And finds me fresh employ.

For incidental thoughts arise,
Or sentiments refin'd,
Which make my spirits more alert,
And elevate my mind.

Yet Solitude, a steady Friend,
  Is ever dear to me;
For then the active Soul expands,
  From all intrusion free.

Oh! when I think what others feel,
  And what to me is given,
Warm gratitude awakes my praise,
  And lifts my heart to Heaven!

THE BOWER.

GAYLY climbing o'er my head,
How the blooming Branches spread!
Charming Bow'r! whose grateful shade,
Seems for soft indulgence made.

Woodbine, Jasmine, both combine,
And their slender arms intwine;
Dropping blossoms on the ground,
Shedding fragrance all around.

Here, at morning's early dawn,
Crossing o'er the daisied lawn;
Here, a thousand flowers I greet,
Breathing exquisitely sweet.

Kindly shielded, here, I shun,
Noon-day's fierce and fervid Sun;
Here his beams have little power,
Nor molest my verdant Bower.

Free from rude discordant noise,
Nothing here disturbs my joys;
Not a whisper can invade,
Save the sound of yon Cascade.

Here declining day I spend,
Till the stars of Night ascend;
Till the Minstrel of the Grove,
Warbles harmony and love.

Here I find, her eye profound,
Fix'd sedately on the ground,
CONTEMPLATION all alone,
Leaning on a mossy stone.

In her hand an open book,
Which attracts her frequent look;
Starting then as in amaze,
All enraptur'd will she gaze.

Such a friend I often meet,
To endear the calm retreat;
And with her, to spend the day,
Who can wonder at my stay?

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

DEAR Polly, see that lovely Rose,
How tempting there it stands!
But, oh, forbear! the prickly thorn
Will wound your little hands.

Thus every Sin, though sweet it seems
And flatt'ring to the heart,
Beneath its charms conceals a sting
That makes the conscience smart.

But like the Lily, Virtue shines,
In robes of spotless white:
No thorn attends the joys she gives
'Tis all sincere delight.

Let Virtue, then, your actions guide,
And still possess your mind;
True pleasure then shall bless your days,
Nor leave a sting behind.

THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.

How often we regret the force,
And wide extent of Woe;
Forgetting that it is the source,
Whence our best blessings flow!

Prosperity with fatal guile,
Invites to guilty joy:
And Pleasure's fascinating smile,
Allures but to destroy.

To know ourselves, is to commence
Our journey to the skies;
Affliction comes, commission'd thence
To make us truly wise.

Humility subdues the will,
Repressing passions wild,
And softens down the heart to feel
The meekness of a child.

Conviction wakens latent fear,
And conscience points the dart;
But Mercy wipes the falling tear,
And heals the wounded heart.

From pains and sorrows, not our own,
Sweet Pity learns to melt;
The finest feelings then are known,
That e'er the bosom felt.

Afflicted Friendship lends us wings,
We fly to give relief:
And active zeal with ardor springs,
To sympathize with grief.

Adversity in every form,
Is Virtue's proper sphere;
Nor shall the temporary storm,
Prove fatal, though severe.

For with a Father's fondest love,
Will Heaven apply the rod;
And thus by wise correction prove,
The kindness of a God.

Nor, till transplanted to the skies,
Will he remit his care;
Till every principle shall rise,
To full perfection there.

ANGER.

Offspring of folly and of pride,
Of endless plagues the source!
Ten thousand mischiefs lurk around,
Thy pestilential course.

See that fine face, of late so fair,
In beauty's mould 'twas cast;
But every charm is wither'd now,
By this pernicious blast.

That wrinkled brow, and flashing eye,
The furies now deform,
The glowing cheek, or quivering lip,
Betrays the mental storm.

Conjecture what inveterate rage,
Tempestous reigns within;
Resentment keen, insult and scorn,
All anarchy and sin.

Now mark the event, rash words escape,
That dreadfully provoke;
And friendship ratified with vows,
Expires in flame and smoke.

But to more terrible effects,
The infernal passion leads;
To violence, to conflict fierce,
And sanguinary deeds.

For wrath is cruel, 'tis a fire,
That reason cannot quell;
And will, if not subdued in time,
Burn to the lowest hell.

Hence lasting malice, deep revenge,
Poison in every breath,
Dark cunning, and remorseless hate,
Implacable as death.

Oh! check its force, whene'er you feel
The temper first begin:
A miracle but seldom seen,
Is anger without sin.

He that does not himself restrain,
And his own spirit rule,
Is to all virtuous conduct lost,
And deem'd by Heaven a Fool.

Enflam'd with anger to excess,
Insane the man must be;
And when it does not rise so high,
'Tis madness in degree.

THE CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE, ALWAYS AMIABLE.

All that is holy just and pure
The Laws of Christ require;
From vice and folly they preserve
And truth and love inspire.

They bid us with our fellow-men,
In harmony to live;
And in return for injuries,
Instruct us to forgive.

They urge us zealously to quench,
The fiery coals of strife;
To cherish amity and peace,
Through every stage of life.

Should enmity and anger fierce,
Their rage against us bend;
For evil, good we must return,
And make the foe, a friend.

Hard is the heart that can repel
The soft persuasive force,
Of mild benevolence and love,
Persisting in their course.

Give freely, what thou canst bestow,
Thy brother's wants supply;
And look upon the child of woe,
With pity in thine eye.

Meekly submit to Heaven's high will,
When thou art in distress;
Nor even then, thy efforts check
To make another's less.

Whatever duty claims, perform,
Let all from love proceed;
No kind exertion can be lost,
For Heaven records the deed.

The dear connexions life affords,
Sweet motives may suggest;
But the pure principle, is love,
Sole regent in the breast.

Where e'er the sacred passion glows,
And reigns without control,
You see the Saviour's image there,
Engrav'd upon the Soul.

Come, Prince of Peace! wide o'er the w
Thy righteous laws extend;
Till pride and violence shall cease,
And Heaven to Earth descend!

SUN-SETTING.

The sultry day now almost ends,
The Sun with haste declines,
And as his flaming Orb descends,
With milder lustre shines.

Wide o'er the west the atmosphere,
Reflects a mellow light;
Whilst in the east the blue sky, clear,
Predicts approaching night.

Their blended rays unite to form,
The spacious arch between;
Exhibiting, dilute or warm,
The softest tints of green.

And, interspers'd, but scarce defin'd,
Are waves of purple hue;
Or crimson streaks, perhaps design'd,
To enrich the splendid view.

On those huge masses, spreading wide,
  Sublimely grand, we gaze,
That by their solemn bulk divide,
  The yet protracted blaze.

Athwart the Sun's broad disk extends,
  With amber edges bright,
An auburn cloud, that well defends
  From too intense a light.

Below th' horizon all serene,
  The glowing Orb sinks fast;
His lessening limb, now scarcely seen,
  And now,——'tis gone at last!

Father of lights! these scenes display,
  Thy glories all around;
Thy praise shall through the realms of day,
  Incessantly resound!

THE FLOWER.

At close of day, the modest Flower is seen,
With bending stalk, and drooping head, downcast,
Petals contracted, and retiring mien,
As apprehensive, shrinking from the blast:
But when the rude tempestuous night is past,
With renovated strength, erect and fair,
Fresh fragrance breathing through the ambient air,
It rises, blushing, beautiful and gay,
Opening its bosom to the morning ray,
Blooming and sweet, another day to last.
Thus Virtue to oppression meekly bends,
Drops the big tear, and every power suspends;
Then rises greatly, with collected force,
To mark with growing splendours her protracted course.

THE PRIMEVAL SABBATH.

The sacred morn arose,
The glorious day began,
When from his soft repose,
Awoke the new-form'd Man.

Above, beneath, around,
Fair Eden's blissful seat,
He views with awe profound,
The Universe complete!

The radiant Orb of day,
Majestic roll'd, sublime;
Darting his brilliant ray,
O'er every distant clime.

The verdant Earth assumes,
To his astonish'd view,
Her foliage and her blooms,
Fresh from the glittering dew.

Warm from his yielding side,
To which she still must cleave,
He hails his beauteous bride,
The first of women, Eve.

Wisdom and Goodness shine,
In all their lovely forms,
And gratitude divine,
Their pure devotion warms.

"Invisible! Supreme!
"Whose wonders we survey,
"Be thou our constant theme,
"And thine, this holy day.

"The labours of thy hand,
"Where e'er we look abroad,
"In full perfection stand,
"All worthy of a God.

"Here hast thou fix'd thy rest,
"The wondrous work is done,
"The day which thou hast blest,
"The Sabbath is begun.

" Ye Heavens, that o'er us spread,
" Immeasurably wide ;
" Thou Earth, on which we tread,
" Ye Seas and rolling Tide ;

" Join in your Maker's praise,
" Proclaim creative power ;
" Aloud his honour raise,
" Or silently adore !

" To thee, great Lord of all !
" We consecrate the day ;
" And at thy gracious call,
" Our willing homage pay."

Thus from the fragrant grove,
Commenc'd their blest employ ;
All innocence and love,
All gratitude and joy.

The balmy breezes bear,
The rapturous strains along ;
Whilst Angels stoop to hear,
And swell th' harmonious song.

TO MARIA.

When you command, to obey is hard,
  But harder to deny;
The intention is its own reward,
  And thus, dear Girl, I'll try.

Some twenty summers since, I might
  Have felt the theme inspire;
And, though with unambitious flight,
  Have soar'd a little higher.

But harmony will fly the cell,
  Where grief has fix'd its seat;
Nor will the muse descend to dwell,
  In sorrow's dark retreat.

Neglected long, and all unstrung,
  My harp was laid aside;
And on the weeping willow hung,
  When my first Mary died.

Since then —— but why should I recite,
The thousand pangs I feel?
Religion tells me all is right,
And every wound will heal.

Ah! why complain? for those are free
From mis'ry here below;
And human history still will be,
The annals of our woe.

Nor can the sweetest bloom of youth,
So form'd to please and charm!
Reverse the melancholy truth,
Or the fierce foe disarm.

Amidst the pleasurable scenes,
Which these gay precincts grace;
Unwelcome sadness intervenes,
To cloud that lovely face!

To alleviate another's pain,
The dear Maria flies;
That aid, which Art attempts in vain,
A Sister's love supplies.

Go then, you sparkler, urge with speed,
The anxious hours away;
Till health returning, bless the deed,
And all your care repay.

May Heaven, who taught that feeling heart,
To melt at kindred grief;
Its vital energy impart,
And grant the wish'd relief!

Soon may solicitude subside,
And peace and joy unite,
With love and gratitude allied,
To crown you with delight!

TO-MORROW, PRECARIOUS.

On what a feeble slender thread,
This mortal life depends!
How near the precipice we tread,
Where frail existence ends!

The lovely Infant just appears,
Like a sweet op'ning flower:
It lives to shed some chrystal tears,
But scarce survives an hour.

Childhood and Youth will often fade,
Before the fatal blast:
And manly strength is soon decay'd,
And beauty dies as fast.

Our fond presumptuous hopes are cross'd,
By unforeseen events;
And time in airy visions lost,
Becomes a loss immense.

To-morrow, wisely hid from us,
Is not within our power;
And Heaven in kindness, bids us thus
Improve the present hour.

O, then, redeem your fleeting time,
Obeying duty's call;
And what is future, leave to him,
Who is the Lord of all.

LOVE THE UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE.

Survey th' immensity of space,
Where power and wisdom shine;
And through the vast arrangement trace,
The proofs of Love divine.

Infinite Love, prescribes the course,
Which guides the Orb of day;
And bids the Moon, with milder force,
Its gentle laws obey.

The Earth in every part describes,
Goodness in all its forms;
And its innumerable tribes,
Love animates and warms.

The changing Seasons rolling round,
The quick-revolving Year;
Are by the same appointment bound,
To shed their blessings here.

Ah! wherefore these displays of love,
Which mark the mighty plan?
But to illustrate and to prove,
The object must be Man!

For us the wondrous structure stands,
With all its various powers;
Created by almighty hands,
And constituted ours.

His kindness breathes in every breeze,
Blooms in each lovely form;
Shines in the Sun, controls the Seas,
And regulates the Storm.

'Tis one immense effect of Love,
Wisdom and Power combin'd;
Nor can a single atom move,
But the intention's kind.

Nature, through its remotest bounds,
Its Maker's Love displays;
And the whole Universe resounds,
With its Creator's praise.

G

Come, holy Influence! Love divine!
Thine energy impart!
Great God! my powers shall all be thine,
And thine this grateful heart!

REFLECTIONS

On Returning to School at the end of the Vacation.

The dreaded morn arrives, the lowering skies,
Shed round a saddening gloom, and I prepare
To quit the dear delights which Home supplies,
And those parental smiles which bless me there.

Adieu, ye christmas scenes! ye sportive hours,
Ye playful frolics, ye domestic joys!
I'm taught that pleasure dissipates my powers,
And, long indulg'd, inevitably cloys.

No more shall indolence industry spoil,
Nor waste a life bestow'd for nobler ends;
By various learning, and by useful toil,
I will repay the kindness of my Friends.

I love my Parents, and I love the spot,
By long attachment render'd dear to me:
Yet these I quit awhile, nor mourn my lot,
Well pleas'd my kind Instructress soon to see.

Her dictates mild, and her reproofs so soft,
Like gentle dews, insensibly impart
Such moral precepts as, repeated oft,
Impress, convince, and meliorate the heart.

Oh! 'tis a plan, important, wise, and kind,
To form and fix our principles in youth;
To train, for life, immortal life, the mind,
By virtuous habits and the love of truth!

Henceforth be this my best and firm resolve!
To all that's amiable good and right,
I dedicate my years as they revolve,
And ever make my duty my delight.

The path of Learning, though requiring zeal,
Close application, vigilance and care,
Amply rewards our labour, and we feel
Knowledge increasing, as we persevere.

The useful arts domestic life requires,
By early practice soon familiar grow;
Whilst emulation every bosom fires,
And to excel, is all the pride we know.

To enrich the mind with wisdom's various store,
To traverse Earth through its remotest climes;
The wonders of Creation to explore,
Or trace the history of antient times,—

Is our employ, whilst sage Instruction leads,
Points to the objects which before us rise,
On each some salutary lesson reads,
Repeating still, "be diligent and wise."

Yet grateful intermissions seem but just,
E'en stern authority admits the claim:
Incessant effort, may excite disgust,
And ceaseless study check the gen'rous flame.

Sweet Intervals! that much our joys enhance,
By dear variety our spirits brace;
Bid gaiety lead up the sprightly dance,
And health, fresh-blooming, smile in every face.

When the first blushing dawn salutes our eyes,
We roam the fields, inhale the fragrant breeze;
And bless the Power, supremely good and wise,
Who form'd all Nature to instruct and please.

When evening comes, we easily contrive
Amusements innocent and cheerful too;
We feel suspended friendships then revive,
And social intercourse returns anew.

Or we will listen to the plaintive tale,
Of piteous woe, and drop the tender tear;
Or if the taste for harmony prevail,
We'll raise the song to gratitude sincere.

Business and recreation, thus combin'd,
Alternately shall occupy our time:
Tuition thus performs the end design'd,
And fits us for a station more sublime.

And when in age, these joys and cares subside,
We may look back on childhood long since past;
And from our youthful history be supplied,
With recollections, pleasing to the last.

And what is Life, with all its changing scenes,
But one vast Seminary, meant to rear
The immortal Mind, and to apply the means
By which to form it for a higher sphere?

Ah! how precarious! short perhaps the date,
Which Heaven assigns, wherein to act my part,
To raise my hopes above this mortal state,
To curb my passions and improve my heart.

Come, then, Religion! and implant the seeds,
Of truth and goodness in this breast of mine;
And may my life all spent in worthy deeds,
Exemplify instructions so divine!

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet Flower! that modestly prefers,
To bloom amidst the shade,
Where its thick boughs the Coppice rears,
For thy protection made.

Perfum'd by thee, the woodland breeze,
A purer sweetness breathes;
Yet scarce thy pendent bells one sees,
Peep from their verdant sheaths.

Emblem of Excellence, that dwells
In humble scenes retir'd,
That ne'er with ostentation swells,
Nor claims to be admir'd.

Such bold pretensions we dispute,
And oft unfounded deem;
Whilst genuine merit will, though mute,
Secure deserv'd esteem.

Transpos'd from thy rude native seat,
Dost thou my border grace;
And though in Winter thou retreat,
Wilt never quit the place:

For when soft Spring adorns the scene,
Thy charms again appear;
I search amongst thy foliage green,
And always find thee there.

Soon as thy glossy leaves unfurl,
Thy spotless bloom I greet,
Thy stalks all strung with beads of pearl,
So exquisitely neat!

Whate'er the loftier flower that lends,
Its odours to the gale;
So much sweet innocence attends
The Lily of the Vale:

That all the beauties I can boast,
(And each has charms for me)
Seems in thy presence to have lost,
A grace that dwells with thee.

No flaunting airs dost thou assume,
Which wantonness bespeak;
For thou, when in thy gayest bloom,
Art delicately meek.

Each Nymph to thee, pays homage meet,
And shews her own nice taste;
When with a tuft of Lilies sweet,
Her lovely bosom's grac'd.

THE SOURCE OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

Creation in its vast extent,
Its origin and end,
Without its Author, ne'er was meant,
For Man to comprehend.

Review the history of man,
And mark where Science trod;
Not one has grasp'd the mighty plan,
Not one has found out God.

His works are wonderful, and reach,
Beyond our feeble sight;
Till He in mercy deign to teach,
And guide our efforts right.

Our moral and our future state,
Our destinies conceal,
Till He explain the book of fate,
And his own will reveal.

His Word is intellectual light,
  It cheers our doubtful way;
It dissipates the mental night,
  And introduces day.

His own creative power and skill,
  He there himself unfolds;
Assuring us he governs still,
  The world which he upholds.

There I'm instructed to discern,
  The origin of woe;
And there with grateful wonder learn,
  Whence all my blessings flow.

I see afflictions are design'd,
  As favours in disguise;
To discipline the erring mind,
  And fit it for the skies.

I see the World, a curious frame,
  To final ruin doom'd;
And, wrapt in all-devouring flame,
  To be at last consum'd!

Yet far beyond that awful day,
Revealed Truth extends;
And stedfast faith explores the way,
To bliss that never ends.

Blest Volume! Nature ne'er could give,
What thy pure truths supply;
They teach me holily to live,
And happily to die.

Here will I constantly repair,
My ignorance to remove;
For God, my Father's speaking there,
And every word is Love!

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE,

Presented to my daughter MARY.

To cheer a wretched World with holy light,
From Error's path the wanderer to invite;
To banish folly from the human mind,
To bid the sufferer become resign'd;
To plant each sweet affection in the heart,
Pure principles and motives to impart;
The penitent offender to forgive,
To encourage mortals to look up and live;
To show us where our only refuge lies,
To elevate our hopes above the skies;
To soothe our passage through this vale of woe,
Grace here, and final glory to bestow;
For this, my dear, was the blest volume given,
Our guide to purity, to peace, and heaven.
Receive the gift, as coming from above,
The pledge, dear Mary, of a Father's love.

Would you be wise? its kind instructions hear,
And read, and meditate, with heart sincere:

Would you be holy? from its precepts draw,
The just ideas of a perfect Law:
Would you be lovely? from the Saviour seek,
All that is gen'rous, tender, mild and meek:
Would you be happy? to the promise fly,
And on its truth immutable rely.

May Heaven in mercy, all your steps direct,
From every vanity your youth protect;
Through every stage of life, be still your guide,
And o'er your thoughts incessantly preside!

Thus grow in years, in piety increase;
Her ways are pleasantness, her end is peace!

TO MY DAUGHTER ELIZA, WITH THE SAME BIBLE.

Such were the wishes of my anxious heart!
Heaven heard and answer'd, but denied in part;
Form'd the dear Girl to piety and truth,
But clos'd her short career in early youth!
Oh! I have mourn'd, and mourn sincerely still;
Yet bow submissive to the sov'reign will!
She's happy! with a sainted Mother blest!
Nor shall one murmur e'er escape my breast.

And now, surviving object of my care,
My fond affection, and unwearied prayer;
My dear Eliza! this blest Volume take,
And prize it for a much-lov'd Sister's sake.
With constancy peruse the sacred page,
And let its counsels guide your tender age;
O emulate the example Mary gave,
Nor let her virtues perish in the grave!

BIOGRAPHY.

When faithful Narrative details,
Actions that bless'd mankind;
The instructive memoir never fails,
To impress the youthful mind.

But Oh! the terrible reverse,
When crimes are varnish'd o'er;
And the recital proves a curse,
Which ages may deplore!

We owe the Author warm applause,
Who for such trash atones;
And to the life a portrait draws,
Of Howard or of Jones.

The useful, amiable, and wise,
By reading may be known;
But in yourself the talent lies,
To make them all your own.

It is not every splendid deed,
That should your zeal inflame;
Exploits that dazzle whilst you read,
May yet deserve your blame.

If generous acts and morals pure,
Adorn'd the illustrious dead;
Their various excellence secure,
And in their footsteps tread.

Selecting then the worthiest names,
Biography can show,
Adopt their principles and aims,
And thus in goodness grow.

Give to example all its force,
Ambition here is right;
And emulate that virtuous course,
Which multiplies delight.

Let purity and love unite
And through your lives appear;
Nor need you envy stars more bright,
That fill a wider sphere.

IDLENESS.

An enemy to all that's wise,
To goodness and to truth,
To every quality we prize,
Is indolence in youth.

Whilst study will enrich the mind,
And labour fill the purse;
The Idler, to all interest blind,
Is waxing worse and worse.

Yonder you see an empty wain,
It stands completely still,
And there for ever may remain,
With neither power nor will:

So, like the motionless machine,
The Sluggard stands confess'd;
Contracting mental rust he's seen,
Whilst industry's suppress'd.

He has the power, which if employ'd,
Might something good produce;
But Soul and Body are destroy'd,
By the mere want of use.

And idle drones, to afflict us more,
Are burdens whilst alive;
Contribute nothing to the store,
Yet prey upon the hive.

The Idler thus to action loth,
A poor existence drags;
And soon will be conviuc'd, that Sloth
Will clothe a Man with rags.

TO A DISSIPATED YOUNG MAN.

STAY giddy Youth, and pause awhile,
Nor urge thy rash career;
Ruin lies mask'd beneath the smile
Thy guilty pleasures wear.

Check thy warm passions, and attend
To Wisdom's lenient voice:
Oh! take her for thy bosom Friend,
And let her fix thy choice!

See the approaching solemn train,
In sable pomp advance;
It tells thee all thy joys are vain,
And wakes thee from thy trance.

Ah! where is all the promis'd bliss,
Which flatter'd Henry's youth?
And is it all reduc'd to this?
Humiliating truth!

Beauty's warm bloom, and vig'rous health,
His manly figure grac'd;
And he possess'd superior wealth,
And splendid was his taste.

But early Vice, insidious worm!
Prey'd on his vital powers;
Disease contracts his mortal term,
And death his life devours.

Thou wast his Friend, his fellow-slave,
To appetites impure:
Attend him now, and from his grave,
An antidote procure.

Why hesitate? Does conscience start,
At recollected Sin?
'Tis in a humble contrite heart,
That virtue must begin.

Admit conviction, though severe,
It wounds thee but to heal;
And let the penitential tear,
Demonstrate thou canst feel.

For God in pity still delights,
Nor lets his anger burn;
He can forgive, and now invites
Thee, guilty, to return.

He stoops and listens to thy sigh,
He waits to hear thy prayer;
Oh! to the fount of Mercy, fly,
And sue for pardon there.

Thus whilst thy heart distracted bleeds,
O'er Henry's early Tomb;
Divine Compassion sweetly pleads,
And bids thee shun his doom.

A SPRING MORNING.

How charming the dawn of the day,
When Nature in beauty is clad;
The valleys all verdant and gay,
The woodlands all cheerful and glad!

What skill and what kindness unite,
To enrich and embellish the whole;
To fill us with grateful delight,
And raise to devotion the Soul!

The hand of a Father we trace,
Through all the sweet scenes we behold;
His grandeur, his wisdom, and grace,
Are felt, but can never be told.

Instructed by Him who has form'd,
Arrang'd and connected them thus;
With transport the bosom is warm'd,
For all is intended for us!

Ye Heavens! with all your bright hosts,
Revolving incessantly round;
Thou Earth, with thy wide-stretching coasts,
His praise never-ceasing resound!

My heart with warm rapture shall glow,
My voice his high honours shall raise,
The strain of soft harmony flow,
And life be all spent in his praise!

LAUDABLE EMULATION.

When worthy deeds enrich the page,
  Which Truth may bring to light;
They may insensibly engage,
  And dictate what is right.

The force of genuine facts we feel,
  They rouse the languid flame;
Examples stimulate our zeal,
  To emulate their fame.

The history of a worthless wretch,
  Were better far suppress'd;
Though venal talents drew the sketch,
  The picture we detest.

Even brilliant genius, when combin'd,
  With principles impure;
Tends to corrupt the unguarded mind,
  And may to vice allure.

'Tis not ambition, though success
Its efforts may attend;
That shews the path to happiness,
Or gains that prize—a friend.

The patriot who, in freedom's cause,
Might loud applauses win;
Perhaps was trampling on the laws,
And rioting in Sin.

The hero, who could danger face,
And even his blood has spilt;
Might be his family's disgrace,
His life all stain'd with guilt.

Would you with just ambition warm,
To virtue's summit climb?
From Heaven's pure records learn to form,
Your principles sublime.

The best of characters that e'er
Adorn'd the human race,
You may peruse with pleasure there,
And the fine features trace.

Bid every energy of soul,
With eager ardor rise;
Rush forward to the distant goal,
Nor fear to win the prize.

The approving voice of Heaven's high King
Shall your weak efforts own;
The applausive strain shall Seraphs sing,
And glory be your crown.

O let a prospect so divine,
Your youthful breast enflame!
Then shall your life benignant shine,
And Heaven record your name.

THE HAWK.

Observe that Bird, that shapes his flight,
In circles round and round;
His eyes, though rais'd to such a height,
Are fix'd upon the ground.

Sublime indeed he seems to soar,
As if his lofty mind,
Led him new regions to explore,
Disdaining all behind.

But appetite directs his course,
His heart is savage still;
And he delights with cruel force,
The innocent to kill.

Now hovering o'er the poultry-yard,
See him prôtract his stay;
That brood, if left without a guard,
Will soon become his prey.

An elevated station oft,
The simple mind misleads,
For many a wretch has soar'd aloft,
Stain'd with the foulest deeds.

Though talents, opulence, or rank,
Distinction may impart;
The space were better far a blank,
If vice commands the heart.

MENTAL EXERTION.

You wish a mind of vig'rous tone,
Intelligent and wise.—
'Tis mental health, and must be won,
By constant exercise.

Inure yourself to strenuous thought,
Whate'er the subject be,
For good ideas may be brought,
From every thing you see.

Acquire the habit, learn to think,
Thinking improves the Soul;
The veriest trifle is a link,
In the stupendous whole.

Small subjects best our talents suit,
And our researches aid;
The particles are all minute,
Of which the world is made.

From small to great let thought advance,
Increasing in its force;
Till through the Universe you glance,
Unfetter'd in your course.

Let memory, active and alert,
Seize all you see and hear;
And recollection grow expert,
Methodical and clear.

Submit your acquisitions still,
To Reason's sober light;
Learn to discriminate with skill,
And sep'rate wrong from right.

Reading informs the studious mind,
And observation more;
Let both with judgment be combin'd,
To increase your mental store.

Thus shall your energies, alive
And active in pursuit,
From Nature and from Art derive,
The best selected fruit.

'Tis thus the industrious Insect toils,
The distant heath explores;
And from each flower collects the spoils,
That constitute her stores.

THE FLOOD.

The Storm descends, loud roars the hollow wind,
The turbid Stream assumes a bolder course,
Swells and extends, till with increasing force,
It bursts ungovernable, unconfin'd,
O'er the strict barriers Nature had assign'd;
And Oh! Spring's sweetest verdure, late so gay,
With all her blooming charms are swept away,
Nor one poor fragment left, alas! behind.
Thus Passion rous'd by accident will rage,
With gentle feelings cruel conflict wage;
And, urg'd by meekness and remonstrance mild,
To temporary madness, furious, wild,
Disdains all limits, social peace destroys,
And plucks up by the roots our dear domestic joys.

THE WOODBINE.

Sweet-blooming Shrub! whose flexile arms,
Contiguous succour court;
And well thy rich luxuriant charms,
May claim the kind support.

Thy trailing blossoms on the ground,
All pale and languid run;
Unless superior strength be found,
To lift thee to the Sun.

The neighbouring Beech, or humbler Thorn,
Admit thy fond embrace;
And oft we see thee in the morn,
The verdant hedge-row grace.

But I will find thee better aid,
And thy wild beauties guide,
Till thou hast form'd the sweetest shade,
That Nature e'er supplied.

Thus helpless Virtue often lies,
On the cold earth depress'd;
Till gen'rous Friendship bid it rise,
And clasp it to her breast.

Oh! then how richly it requites
The prompt assistance given;
Supplying those serene delights,
Which make us think of Heaven!

THE FAREWELL.

To Sarah.

When kind hearts separate, as oft they must,
Not through caprice, indiff'rence, or distrust;
But by events which mark the will divine;
Impell'd our dear attachments to resign,
We hear and reverence the directing voice,
And acquiesce from duty, not from choice.

Our Joys are mutable,—the tenure this,
By which we hold all sublunary bliss:
The fairest morn may introduce a storm,
That shall defeat the gayest hopes we form:
And he is inexperienc'd and unwise,
That looks for constant calms and cloudless skies.

Our selfish wishes, all the world forgot,
Would limit Friendship to one fav'rite spot;

Cull every excellence which fancy finds,
And in one band unite congenial minds
Exclusively, as if the partial scheme,
Banish'd mankind at large from our esteem.
But Providence our narrow views disclaims,
Bids us be gen'rous and enlarge our aims;
And by disjoining even the firmest friends,
The principle of social love extends;
Shewing its wise design, best understood,
And best promoted by diffusive good.
Thus multiplies the heaven-descended flame,
Proves its true nature, and from whence it came,
Enkindling virtuous feelings as it goes,
Till every heart with kindred friendship glows,
Till like converging rays they all unite
In one vast orb of universal light.

So from its latent source, the gushing rill,
Flows unimpeded down the verdant hill,
Till some rude obstacles its course divide,
And in diverging currents bid it glide:
Far distant then the streams disparted flow,
Watering remoter regions as they go,

Distributing their blessings far and wide,
The copious floods extend on every side,
Till, all vicissitudes and dangers past,
They, in their parent Ocean meet at last.

The plan is laid by Him, who never errs,
Who still to private general good prefers;
Disseminates the principle divine,
To dignify the rude, the base refine;
O'er wild untutor'd nature to prevail,
And plant the virtues on a larger scale.
Thus, reason bends our wills to the event,
Softens regret, suppresses discontent,
And whilst it sanctions friendship's hallow'd flame,
Will reconcile us to a higher claim.

The parting scene will cost you many a tear,
But duty calls you, and the path is clear.
Go, Sarah! then, your destiny pursue,
Soon may you prove my fond predictions true.
Prove that your zealous efforts shall effect,
All that our partial kindness can expect.

Prove that your talents, ne'er applied in vain,
By prompt exertion brighter splendour gain.
Prove, as your years and usefulness increase,
That wisdom's ways are pleasantness and peace
Enjoying till mortality shall end,
The approbation of your heavenly Friend!

But here, though long delayed, the theme I close
Retaining fast the attachment whence it rose.
When absent far from Widcomb and from Bath
May sweetest blessings bloom around your path
One friendly heart will long remember you,
Though with reluctance now, it sighs, Adieu!

FRIENDSHIP REQUIRES DELICACY.

You often notice Boys at play,
  Some insolent and rough;
Others more lively, careless, gay,
  And some, morose and gruff.

Sometimes an unintended blow
  Will sudden wrath provoke;
And keen resentment, never slow,
  Returns an adverse stroke:

Now discord rules, the passions rage,
  Pleasure affrighted flies;
And mutual friends fierce battle wage,
  With vengeance in their eyes.

Thus ends all sport, their bruises smart,
  And each may well complain:
One fact is obvious, play too tart,
  Turns all their joy to pain.

'Tis thus with Friendship, when combin'd
With manners blunt and coarse,
The principle is too refin'd,
To dwell with brutal force.

Improper freedoms seldom fail,
To alienate esteem;
Indelicacy sinks the scale,
And friendship kicks the beam.

Rough usage has its spirit broke,
And hasten'd on its end:
And he who will not lose his joke,
May chance to lose his friend.

The eye may dart a glance oblique,
That will inflict a wound;
Keen wit may too severely strike,
And then perhaps rebound.

The fickle youth will ne'er secure,
A cordial bosom Friend;
Friendship is steady, calm, and sure,
And will through life extend.

It cannot bear design'd neglect,
So delicate its frame;
And he that loves without respect,
Is but a friend IN NAME.

The virtuous heart, the bosom kind,
Is friendship's fav'rite seat,
And they who cherish it will find,
It makes existence sweet.

The plant exotic, tender, rare,
Requires a genial soil;
And when preserv'd with zeal and care,
Amply rewards our toil.

From yonder happy world it came,
The source of all our bliss,
And those who feel the sacred flame,
Will make a Heaven of this.

THE ROSE.

O'ER all the vernal tribes supreme,
I hail the blooming Rose!
Of every Bard the fav'rite theme,
The sweetest Flower that blows.

Ah! lovely Shrub! couldst thou be v
And glow with conscious pride;
Couldst thou look down with cold d
On every flower beside;

Nature presents no rival claim,
For from the birth of Time,
Hast thou maintain'd superior fame,
In every age and clime.

The epic strain that soars sublime,
Descends to pluck thy sweets;
The classic ode, or rustic rhyme,
Thy plaudits still repeats.

What charms my Shrubbery will assume,
When early morn invites,
And Roses there by thousands bloom,
And every Rose delights!

How sweet to plunge the eager lip,
Deep in a full-blown Rose;
And from the folded petals sip
The dew-drops they inclose!

Whilst round my bushes, soft and mild,
Favonian breezes play;
And melody so gayly wild,
Thrills from each blooming spray!

The Brier, whose careless arms across
My rural path are thrown;
Or cultur'd Roses, grac'd with moss,
In buds, or fully blown;

The modest blush, the white so chaste,
That deck my crouded beds;
The strip'd, where accident has trac'd
Its mingled whites and reds;

The damask, yellow, velvet soft,
With colours pale or deep;
Whether their boughs are rear'd aloft,
Or less ambitious, creep;

I love them all, though various are,
Their foliage form and size;
For all in beauty largely share,
And each some charm supplies.

Though to their reign a transient date,
By nature is decreed,
Yet busy art suspends their fate,
And rising buds succeed.

And prompt invention will contrive,
(Though wintry skies oppose)
Successively to keep alive,
And in full bloom, the Rose.

REPUTATION.

The love of fame, in some degree,
Pervades each human heart;
But ah! how few, from folly free,
Can claim it, even in part!

Would you a reputation win,
That shall command respect?
You must immediately begin,
Your errors to correct.

In youth the passions, much too warm,
Disdain to wear a curb;
But even passions must conform,
If you complete the task.

A venial error will sometimes,
Become a lasting blot;
Which, though not class'd with grosser crimes,
May never be forgot.

To gain esteem, a course pursue,
  Not merely free from vice,
But even from suspicion too,
  What folly terms PRECISE.

Never to other hands transfer,
  So delicate a flower;
Watch it yourself with jealous care,
  And guard it every hour.

Examine your own heart, for there,
  The greatest danger lies;
Try your own principles, nor fear
  Your thoughts to scrutinize.

Your company you must select,
  Your friends with caution chuse;
Associates will have some effect,
  And you have much to lose.

Learn sudden impulse to subdue,
  That reason may preside;
Whate'er the measures you pursue,
  Let virtue be your guide.

In duty steady, conduct mild,
In every action just;
May Heaven preserve my much-lov'd Child!
Nor shall my heart distrust.

Thus, my dear Boy, the lines I trace,
Exempt from fault or blame;
By which you may shun all disgrace,
And win a virtuous fame.

THE FUNERAL.

See Fanny, o'er the church-yard wall,
A melancholy sight!
A little coffin with a pall,
And six young Girls in white!

A lovely Boy, of late so fair,
In death's cold bosom sleeps;
See the distracted Mother there,
How bitterly she weeps!

Her widow'd heart was almost broke,
By nursing him while sick;
But Oh! the last decisive stroke,
Wounds to the very quick;

No husband! now, no lovely child,
T' administer relief!
How will she pass the dreary wild,
Her sole companion Grief!

Dear Girl, I try not to control,
The sympathetic tear;
Sweet sensibility of Soul!
It makes you doubly dear.

Yes, cherish feeling, though it may
Give incidental pain;
It blooms with blessings all the way,
Nor are its pleasures vain.

But hark! the solemn service read,
With reverential awe,
We'll from these mansions of the dead,
Sweet consolation draw.

The Lord of Life, victorious King!
Stoops a lost World to save;
To pluck from death the fatal sting,
And triumph o'er the Grave.

On a bright cloud, the Saviour comes,
His voice shall cleave the skies;
The pure in heart shall burst their tombs,
And in his image rise!

THE ARTS.

Did you, my Charlotte, e'er reflect,
How much to Art you owe?
Let us a moment just inspect,
The articles you know.

These blazing Coals, a thousand feet,
Below the surface lay;
Till Art explor'd the dark retreat,
And dragg'd them up to day.

That Stove, though polish'd now so fine,
Was once a rugged mass;
Which Art extracted from the mine,
Producing steel and brass.

You oft admire the marble frame,
So elegant and neat;
This from Italian quarries came,
To decorate our seat.

From Cuba were these Tables brought,
Planks of prodigious Trees;
Which our Artificers have wrought,
Our changing taste to please.

The Locket on your bosom plac'd,
Came hither from Peru;
And through a tedious process pass'd,
Before 'twas worn by you.

Your muslin Dress in India grew,
Beneath a burning Sun;
That velvet band of splendid hue,
Was by the silk-worm spun.

The downy bed on which you sleep,
The feather'd tribes supplied;
This Carpet cloth'd some bleating Sheep,
Before 'twas wove and dyed.

The Doors, the Floor, the Mirrors clear,
Are all the work of Art;
Where'er you look, the effects appear,
Display'd in every part.

From themes which Poets never sung,
Much comfort we may feel;
Our fire and evening lights once sprung,
From tinder flint and steel.

Just o'er the Garden cast your eyes,
Art triumphs even there;
Collecting from remotest skies,
The useful or the rare.

A thousand beauties round us blow,
Fine Fruits reward our toil;
Exotics all, yet here they grow,
As in their native soil.

Painting and Sculpture, sister Arts,
The sphere of Genius fill;
And Harmony her song imparts,
With emulative skill.

How wonderful! you stately Ship,
Our skilful artists form;
And well the vast machine equip,
To brave the threatening storm.

She's destin'd to some distant shores,
With ample sails unfurl'd,
Thence to return with precious stores,
The treasures of a world.

The Earth's a scene of toil intense,
Where action leaves no void;
A manufactory immense,
Where millions are employ'd.

The human tribes though diff'ring wide,
In colour, feature, size,
By mutual wants become allied,
And Art those wants supplies.

Nature the mere materials will,
With liberal hand produce;
But ingenuity and skill,
Must fit them for our use.

Thus Heaven constructs the complex plan,
To call forth human pow'rs;
To rouze the intellect of Man,
And make the product ours.

TO HARRIET ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

Written at the request of several mutual Friends.

Can youth solicit age, and plead in vain?
Can beauty sue, and not its suit obtain?
Can friendship ask what friendship dare deny?
No, every generous feeling bids me try.

Blest be the day which gave my Harriet birth,
With all the joys that ever visit Earth;
With friendship's gratulations pure and warm,
With social kindness in its fairest form;
With useful recollections of the past,
And blissful hopes which fate shall never blast!

What strange events have mark'd your early years!
What gloomy prospects, and what anxious fears!
But infancy and childhood, blossoms fair,
Midst threatening storms are Heaven's peculiar care;

And summer's suns and winter's cold combine,
To foster and mature its kind design:
Advancing by degrees, the tender frame,
Subject to constant change, yet still the same,
Acquires new excellence from year to year,
Till beauty, vigour, intellect, appear;
Till all complete in sweet assemblage shine,
The exquisite result of skill divine.

Though by the world at large, a single birth,
Is scarcely notic'd, yet the extended Earth,
From such events deriv'd her num'rous hosts,
Peopling her continents and sea-girt coasts:
And to an INDIVIDUAL BEING gives
A dignified importance, that outlives
The wreck of Nature; stars and suns shall fall,
And one tremendous ruin crush this ball;
Whilst CONSCIOUS BEING spurns expiring Time,
And on immortal pinions soars sublime.
"O what a miracle to man, is man!"
How wondrous HE, who form'd the curious plan;
Who from the dust bade the frail fabric rise,
And cherish'd there a native of the skies!

Lost in astonishment myself I view,
Till grateful rapture kindles praise anew.

How fragile is this tenement of clay!
How soon, though lovely, destin'd to decay!
Those heart-attracting charms ere long shall fade,
Those winning graces wither in the shade;
The voice of harmony exhaust its power,
And polish'd intellect delight no more.

Far distant be the day when my young Friend,
Shall feel the truth these serious lines portend!
Like the translucent stream that flows serene,
Decking with fragrant flowers the margin green,
May Harriet's life in one clear current glide,
With liberal zeal diffusing blessings wide;
And in each dear alliance may she prove,
The joys of virtue, piety and love!

Dear Harriet, thus your natal day I hail;
And if the wishes of my heart avail,
Revolving years shall all pronounce you blest,
And each succeeding birth-day prove the best.

VAIN WISHES.

Of all the employments mortals find,
To occupy a vacant mind,
  Wishing avails the least:
How much regret and discontent,
Proceed from time and thought thus spent,
  Till energy has ceas'd!

Possession seldom gratifies,
Our pleasure in the future lies,
  The present incomplete:
The distant prospect still invites,
It promises supreme delights,
  And expectation's sweet.

But as the scene approaches near,
Its fancied beauties disappear ;
And thus are we deceiv'd !
To our relief new wishes rise,
Gay visions float before our eyes,
And every one believ'd !

Thus, scorning pleasures quickly found
Within our reach, we look around,
For joys of higher rank ;
And vainly trifle with our lives,
Till the last wish of all arrives,
And that turns out a—blank.

Why then to vagrant wishes trust ?
They disappoint, they always must ;
A different course pursue :
By wise exertion, slow, but sure,
You may advantages secure,
Solid and lasting too.

Where duty calls, with zeal proceed,
Fill every hour with some good deed,
And keep your talents bright;
From virtuous action pleasure springs,
And every well-spent moment brings
Some rational delight.

WIT.

Wit is a weapon which demands,
Some judgment in its use;
And when 'tis plac'd in careless hands,
Much mischief may produce.

A tennis-ball if struck too smart,
May suddenly rebound;
And, if not dextrous in his art,
The player himself confound.

Requiring oft the sacrifice,
Of decency and truth;
Rude wit, too vulgar for the wise,
Is barb'rous and uncouth.

At ribaldry and gross affront,
How many fools have laugh'd,
Whose senses were too coarse and blunt,
To feel the polish'd shaft.

Renounce the chace, nor hope success,
With faculties unfit:
Scarce anything can please us less,
Than labour'd, studied, Wit.

Good-humour often will disarm,
The wit that points at you;
But if your passions grow too warm,
You bid the foe pursue.

Never at random launch the dart,
Let prudence hold the bow;
Lest you afflict the sorrowing heart,
And aggravate its woe.

Never attempt with satire keen,
Meek innocence to hit:
Nor yet indulge ill-natur'd spleen,
Under the mask of Wit.

And after all, the genuine truth,
Frank, generous, and kind,
Throws purer lustre upon youth,
And shews a nobler mind.

PHISIOGNOMY.

A THOUSAND pert and silly things,
From affectation rise;
When vanity, with bat-like wings
Would emulate the skies.

Suppose all human faces, maps,
Indicative of mind;
Yet, for the study few, perhaps,
By nature are design'd.

Against one judgment strictly true,
A hundred blunders start;
And numbers will the game pursue,
But ne'er attain the art.

The features may sometimes express,
A character so strong,
That scarcely one who risks a guess,
Could be mistaken long.

Such forms however are but rare;
The gen'ral mass of Face,
Exhibits nothing worth our care,
'Tis vacant common-place.

Indeed, 'tis laughable enough,
When inexperience tries,
On a blank piece of homely stuff,
The lines to criticize!

These sapient geniusses might first,
Upon themselves begin;
Read their own faces, if they durst,
And tell us what's within.

Yes, bring th' inquiry home,—you should,
It is but fair and just;
Though very few there are, that would
Their pretty faces trust.

And when suspicion is awake,
For fear th' observant eye
Should an unlucky moment take,
The features all awry;

What pains are taken to smooth down,
The lines perhaps too strong;
T' obliterate every casual frown,
Lest we decypher wrong!

Let phisiognomy alone,
Study yourselves to know:
Let goodness make your heart its throne,
Nor blush your face to show.

Ne'er hazard your discretion thus,
Nor thus your time mispend:
Various the themes you may discuss,
And to a better end.

THE HAPPY COTTAGER.

Let others grasp at boundless wealth,
  Still anxious to increase their store;
Whilst blest with liberty and health,
  I neither ask nor wish for more.

Secure, within my rustic Cot,
  And sitting by my cheerful fire;
Grateful, I bless my humble lot,
  And thank kind Heaven, 'tis fix'd no higher.

No turrets round my dwelling rise,
  No columns to support my pride;
The branching Elm their place supplies,
  With Ivy clasp'd on every side.

No envy e'er torments my breast:
  I hear of fashions and of courts,
Of Lords and Ladies richly drest,
  Of daily feasts and nightly sports:

But true content was never known,
To seek a residence so high;
Or quit a cottage for a throne,
Where it must sicken droop and die.

Ah! what avails the downy bed,
Or all the attempts of splendid art,
When slumber flies the aching head,
Or guilt and terror seize the heart!

Cheerful I spend the busy day,
In honest labour; at its close,
The peaceful evening glides away,
And welcomes in a night's repose.

My Peggy, best of womankind!
Is always happy in employ;
Is frugal, nice, and has a mind
Form'd to insure domestic joy.

And then my little lovely Ann,
Her mother's image to a hair!
She soothes my heart, as well she can,
And will not suffer sorrow there.

My Garden, though but small, is neat,
Yields us a choice of wholesome roots;
With savoury herbs, and flowers so sweet,
And some well-tasted common fruits.

Quite round my porch, though rude it be,
A blooming Honeysuckle grows;
And through the Casement we can see,
The sweet-brier and the blushing rose.

By Peggy's management and skill,
Our beds are deck'd on every side;
And playful Ann each space will fill,
With daisies, thrift, and London-pride.

Our little Pantry too is stor'd,
Sufficiently with humble fare;
And what my cask or shelf afford,
The child of want, shall always share.

On Sundays,—to the man of toil,
How grateful is the day of rest!
On Sundays we neglect the soil,
And seek communion with the blest.

How much to piety we owe!
  What blissful hopes to men are given!
Devotion sweetens life below,
  And sometimes gives a glimpse of Heaven.

Oft when the solemn knell, I hear,
  An awful thought alarms my heart,
"Frail Man, thine end approaches near,
  "And art thou ready to depart?"

And Oh! methinks, I could obey,
  But then my child and tender wife,
Plead for a little longer stay,
  And thus I cling again to life.

Great God! if thou canst condescend,
  To smile upon a worm like me;
To thy decree my heart shall bend,
  And I'll resign myself to thee.

SCIENCE.

Science expanding high and wide,
The studious youth invites;
Exhibiting on every side,
Diversified delights.

She points him to the regions where,
New treasures are explor'd;
And shews the Tree of Knowledge there,
Again to Man restor'd.

Through the vast Universe she turns,
Deliberate and wise;
And forms and qualities discerns,
With quick and piercing eyes.

The Ocean with its caverns deep,
Are open to her sight;
And all that swim and all that creep,
Her efforts bring to light.

She perforates the solid Earth,
  Its strata she explores;
And views the source and latent birth,
  Of minerals and ores.

The vegetable classes stand,
  Each in its proper sphere;
Arrang'd by Science' skilful hand,
  Defin'd, distinct and clear.

Beasts, Birds and Insects she describes,
  And to complete her plan,
Disposing them in various tribes,
  She rises up to Man.

The human frame with all its powers,
  Her genius has defin'd,
And added to her splendid stores,
  The properties of Mind.

With telescopic aid she views,
  Each planet as it flies;
And with persistive zeal pursues,
  The secrets of the skies.

Her kindred Arts she there applies,
  Subservient to her will;
And as phenomena arise,
  Extends her knowledge still.

Within her ample sphere she draws,
  Man's duties and his rights;
Reason, Morality, and Laws,
  Lend their auxiliar lights.

Thus comprehensive is the course,
  To which her powers extend;
Success but multiplies her force,
  For Science knows no end.

Here all the faculties of Soul,
  Through boundless space expand;
Surveying the stupendous whole,
  Vast, luminous, and grand!

Science, dear Youth, spreads far her wings,
  Be her attainments thine!
But heavenly Truth descends to bring,
  Instruction more divine.

Attend her kind, but solemn, call,
Her dictates ne'er despise ;
Fear, love, and serve the LORD of all,
In this true wisdom lies.

PLACABILITY.

Young folks are generally said,
To let their passions rule;
And seldom by reflection's aid,
Give anger time to cool.

A frivolous offence affords,
To a relentless heart,
Fuel for wrath and bitter words,
Which aggravate the smart:

To pass such injuries calmly by,
Shews a superior mind,
And, that good principles supply
The remedy design'd.

'Tis better, wiser, nobler, far,
To pardon what is wrong,
Than kindle up intestine war,
That may continue long.

Should enmity itself provoke,
  Evil is best subdued,
Not by returning stroke for stroke,
  But by superior good.

The secret's here, passion and pride,
  In your own heart subdue;
Nor once allow them to preside,
  Lest they should conquer you.

Your triumph over these insures,
  A train of victories still:
Rule your own spirit, this secures
  From all attendant ill.

Whate'er the insult, calmly bear
  The momentary pain;
And wait, assiduous and sincere,
  Lost friendship to regain.

The Willow, though of slender form,
  Resists the threatening stroke,
Bending uninjur'd to the storm,
  That rends the stubborn Oak.

Be ready to forgive, nor spend
  Your breath and even your life,
The slave of anger without end,
  In unavailing strife.

Preserve in memory whilst you live,
  The fix'd decree of Heaven,
The implacable who ne'er forgive
  Shall never be forgiven.

THE MYRTLE.

From southern climes, where softer airs,
Breathe through fragrant Grove;
Thou com'st to cheer my rural cares,
Emblem of peace and love!

Yes, thou hast left the classic scene,
To deck my rude retreats;
And with thy scented ever-green,
To multiply my sweets.

Here I'll protect thee from the storm,
Beneath this glassy screen;
That beauty in its freshest form,
Through Winter may be seen.

No more shalt thou thy branches lend,
T' adorn the Paphian rite;
But to the bosom of a Friend,
Administer delight.

And here my fav'rite Myrtle shows
(Unrivall'd in my beds)
Its silver petals, which disclose
Their radiated threads.

So form'd to gratify the Fair,
So elegantly neat,
Thy blossom'd sprigs a welcome there
Are always sure to meet.

THE DAISY.

From ostentation free, this modest flower,
Was once the theme of many a tuneful lay;
Our* Bards paid home to the "eye of day:"
Their brilliant genius, lavish of its power,
Imagin'd it fair Nature's richest dower:
And though but slender merits it display,
Its blooming myriads make the season gay,
And deck the meads around my rural bower.
Like unambitious characters, which soar
To no high eminence of rank or name,
Yet by their innocence exempt from blame,
And by their frequency, contribute more
To bless mankind, than talents known to fame:
Increase them, Heaven! and thus primeval bliss
restore.

---

*Godwin's Life of Chaucer, 2nd edition, vol. 3, page 247.

TRUTH.

THERE'S not a quality in man,
  Whether in age or youth;
Which in the scale of justice can
  Supply the place of Truth.

It is the essence that perfumes,
  The fairest flowers you boast;
We 're charm'd indeed when beauty blooms,
  But sweetness charms us most.

Truth is a jewel that will shine,
  Even in the humblest sphere;
And by its radiance all divine,
  Illuminate and cheer.

In Truth consists, whate'er you say,
  The value of the whole:
'Tis frank and open as the day,
  Yet stedfast as the Pole.

All else, though wittily design'd,
Is merely idle breath:
All know and feel it, when reclin'd,
Upon the bed of death.

The Judge Supreme, from heaven's high throne
Beholds you with his eye;
His righteousness approves of none,
Who love or make a lie.

Oh, ne'er traduce another's worth,
Keep honesty in sight;
Bring every generous action forth,
Plac'd in the happiest light.

Ne'er aggravate a slight offence,
Deny no charge, if true;
Confession shows your better sense,
And softens anger too.

Seek not t' adorn the simple fact,
No circumstance invents;
Recite the anecdote exact,
And be with truth content.

Indulge not the fictitious rant,
  It is itself a vice;
Nor for vain admiration pant,
  If truth must be the price.

Fiction, whatever be its boast,
  Is falsehood in disguise;
And virtuous principles are lost,
  In vanity and lies.

Never in malice from your lips,
  Let calumny escape;
Nor in dark whispers e'er let slip
  Scandal in any shape.

Falsehood deceives the hearer first,
  The dupe of wicked art;
But it deceives the speaker worst,
  It proves him bad at heart.

Oh! watch against deceit and lies,
  With diligence and prayer:
To Heaven the adoring Spirit flies,
  And notes each falsehood there.

HAPPINESS RARELY POSSESSED.

True Happiness derives its birth
From Heaven, yet sometimes visits Earth,
  Though to no station fix'd:
And sad experience knows that Joy,
Has always more or less alloy;
  And is with sorrow mix'd.

Though Heaven has not the boon denied,
But shows us whence it is supplied,
  And how it may be won;
Yet mortals, ever prone to err,
Contemning kind advice, prefer
  Delusions of their own.

Wealth, Pleasure, Talent, Power and Fame,
Attracting myriads, with the name
  Of Happiness, deceive:
And nothing will their claim confute,
Till life, worn out in the pursuit,
  Is lost without reprieve.

The dear delusions fondly nurs'd,
Like bubbles in succession burst,
  Nor leave a wreck behind:
Still at the glitt'ring mark we aim,
We rise, we fall, the Stars we blame,
  And call the fates unkind.

Thus the nocturnal meteor flies,
Before the incautious trav'ller's eyes,
  And leads, he knows not where:
Extinguish'd is the treacherous spark,
And he, bewilder'd in the dark,
  Lies down in deep despair.

What schemes of Happiness we rear,
Which, in their turn, soon disappear,
Like a fallacious dream!
The thirsty Hind with anxious look,
Explores the long-expected Brook,
But vanish'd is the stream!

The toil-worn Mariner descries,
A Paradise before him rise,
And meditates to land;
But Savages the Isle possess,
And monsters of the Wilderness,
Repel him from the strand.

Thus disappointments mark our course,
Exhausting every rich resource,
And blasting every joy;
The promis'd bliss is ne'er possess'd,
And the pursuer still unblest,
Grows old in the employ.

The dreaded period comes at last;
The closing scene is over cast,
With dark portentous gloom:
He owes a life, thus thrown away,
And wishes to protract the day
That sinks him to the Tomb!

Oh! for that Happiness which shines,
Brightest when human life declines,
Nor, when most needed, flies;
Which opens to the tranquil mind,
Joys, boundless, endless and refin'd,
Blooming above the skies!

To Heaven submissive, with a will
Our obligations to fulfil,
The Soul is happy here;
Her expectations soar above,
She feels the energies of love,
And triumphs over fear.

The Christian has not far to roam,
His happiness resides at home,
His heart its blest abode;
*He has a friend that's ever nigh,
He has a better friend on high,
His Conscience and his God!

Peaceful within, he pays the debt
Of destiny, without regret,
The arm he trusts will save;
His Father beckons, and he goes,
Where Joy in full perfection grows,
A victor o'er the Grave.

---

*Young.

FRIENDSHIP.

Fair progeny of Heaven! Ethereal form!
Thy features lovely as the vernal bloom,
Enkindling soft affections, pure and warm,
And dissipating grief's obtrusive gloom!
And thou hast been my guest! my heart enjoy'd
Thy transient visits, so sincere and kind;
Once more return, and fill the painful void,
Which fond attachments lost, have left behind!
And I have seen thee midst the roseate bowers,
Where Nature riots in profusion sweet;
Where the mild virtues bless the circling hours,
And consecrate to joy the gay RETREAT.*
There fix thy radiant throne in every breast,
Each blessing all around, and each supremely blest!

---

*At Battersea.

WIDCOMB.

IN WHICH A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN AND THE SURROUNDING SCENERY IS ATTEMPTED.

No theme profound, or flight sublime,
Will this description claim:
Simplicity shall shape the rhyme,
Amusement all its aim.

Excursive rambles please me best,
Where Nature leads the way;
Allowing Fancy, unrepress'd,
To indulge her sportive play.

And yet perhaps some useful thought,
By accident may start,
And strike, as just reflections ought,
The youthful reader's heart.

Few ever visited my Cot,
But in surprise broke out,
"Oh! 'tis a little charming spot,
"Diversified throughout!"

Come then, and here enjoy an hour,
Our local beauties trace;
And, should the Sun have too much pow'r,
We'll find a shady place.

Those Hills that elevated rise,
Round the contracted scene,
Protect it from inclement skies,
And keep it always green.

Tall Firs, that still their verdure keep,
Their lofty summits crown;
Their sides, protub'rant, shaggy, steep,
Or sloping gently down.

The hanging Cliff abruptly drops,
Precipitant and rude;
And the wide-stretching hazel-copse,
Our prospect will include.

Thick Elms and Oaks, in winding rows,
Or cluster'd groups we find;
And there betwixt the parting boughs,
You see the Fields behind.

And interspers'd, with cautious tread,
You may detect a source,
Whence, gushing from its oozy bed,
Some spring begins its course.

Now, struggling o'er the craggy mass,
It flings itself downright;
Then, stealing through the trailing grass,
It soon runs out of sight.

Few the inclosures round those hills,
But have a little Trough,
With mossy edges, where warm rills,
In every season flow.

Beneath that Grove's projected shade,
The placid lake extends;
And with low murmurs, yon Cascade,
Its lulling cadence lends.

Close by, a Wilderness one sees,
Of Beeches, Poplars, Limes;
And in the centre loftier Trees,
The growth of other times.

Where the high branches intermix,
(Impelled by Nature's law)
The Rooks their wicker nurseries fix,
And their young learn to caw.

Those milch-cows, o'er the ivied fence,
A constant rural theme!
Wait, with full udders, to dispense
The salutary stream.

The Oxen in the shade beyond,
The sultry heat is such,
Standing with fetlocks in the pond,
Improve the landscape much.

Contiguous to the murm'ring Fount,
Which flows without a stop,
Rises a pretty spiral Mount,
With Yew-trees at the top.

Around its verdant slanting base,
The dappled Deer once fed;
Now Ewes and Lambs, a harmless race,
Amuse us in their stead.

Our Pastures when with cattle stor'd,
An interest excite,
Which vacant meadows ne'er afford,
And give us more delight:

Yet far above them all, when seen
In such sweet scenes as these,
The human figure, gay, or mean,
Is always sure to please.

From the tall tree, or humbler bush,
Wild warblings float along;
The blackbird, linnet, finch and thrush,
All emulous of song.

When evening comes, to rest they go,
But then the Nightingale
Bids her soft thrilling numbers flow,
And charms the list'ning Vale.

Though far inferior, much I love,
The Red-breast's note so clear;
It follows me where'er I move,
And lasts through all the year.

Facing the south, the Village lies,
Along the green hill side;
And at the end, of mod'rate size,
The Church may be descried.

Within its consecrated verge,
Our hoary fathers lie:
And oft the knell, or solemn dirge,
Reminds us, we must die.

There lovely youth, untimely doom'd
And there exhausted age,
Promiscuous sink into the tomb,
And quit this mortal stage.

On festivals, the village bells,
Enliven our retreats;
As echo from her hollow dells,
The merry peal repeats.

A weathercock the Tower adorns,
Which though to change inclin'd,
The stormy conflict bravely scorns,
And faces every wind.

Here in the bottom stands a Mill,
With its incessant clack:
And there, the Miller mounts the hill,
Bending beneath his sack.

On the high brow, or lower down,
Or deep within the dell,
Our neighbours from the smoky Town,
In rural Villas dwell.

'Tis wise to quit the crowded streets,
And the foul vapours there,
Amidst a wilderness of sweets,
To breathe a purer air.

And when detach'd, these boxes neat,
Peep through the tufted trees,
They make our prospects more complete,
And mutually please.

But when in close and massy groups,
Crescents and Streets arise;
The adventurers become the dupes,
And our sweet scenery flies.

Seated on yon commanding height,
In rich Corinthian style,
Thy Palace, ALLEN! stands in sight,
A melancholy pile!

Thy stately mansion was the mark,
Where Princes would resort;
And Genius flew to Friar-Park,
Thy patronage to court.

Thy virtues fill'd an ample sphere,
Benevolence the chief;
And there might Indigence repair,
And Misery find relief.

Oh! I remember, when a Boy,
It all appear'd so grand!
Each object lighted up new joy,
I deem'd it fairy-land.

Plantations reaching out of sight,
The vast extended glade;
The Park, the Deer that bounded light,
Thy statue too, O WADE!

The Grottoes, and the walks that wind
Quite round the verdant slope;
The Lawns, the scallop'd Vase, design'd
By thy chaste pencil, POPE!

The Bridge palladian, which connects
The Vale's opposing sides;
The copious stream which there collects,
And through the arches glides!

More wondrous yet, to me appear'd,
PADMORE'S mechanic skill;
By which enormous blocks were rear'd,
And mov'd about at will!

How like a gay delusive dream,
Youth and its joys long past!
Yet this rude verse may give the theme,
A few more years to last.

But, Oh! the change! the hollow winds
That round those columns blow,
Predictive tell us, fate designs
To lay their splendours low!*

Before us Lyncomb shuns our view,
From all the world retir'd;
Its elegant retreats though few,
When seen will be admired.

I love that rural walk to trace,
Where the clear rivulet glides;
When Spring with every floral grace,
Embellishes its sides.

Or where, the Hazels meeting o'er,
The lane so cool and dank,
The bubbling springs at every pore,
Rush down the incrusted bank.

---

* Since the above was written, Prior-Park has been purchased by a Gentleman of large fortune, and its predicted fate, for a time, at least, suspended.

Now turning to the right, we gain
Of Bath a partial glance;
Where Fashion leads her brilliant train,
In many a giddy dance.

There genius, wealth, and taste, unite,
To multiply their joys;
But I prefer more calm delight,
Exempt from smoke and noise.

Nature's kind call I gladly hear,
And willingly obey;
Her joys are lasting and sincere,
Nor lead the heart astray.

Yet why o'erlook for distant views,
What my own precincts boast?
These fruit-trees with their blended hues,
Try which can charm me most.

Tranquil and happy here I rest,
Within my Woodbine bower;
Whilst clustering beauties to my breast,
Impart their soothing power.

Or on this seat, unspoil'd by art,
My griefs I oft forget;
And never from the scene depart,
But with sincere regret.

This tottering Wall, buttress'd and crown'd
With Ivy glossy green;
And that curv'd hawthorn hedge, surround
The pleasurable scene.

With Laurels once my bounds were grac'd,
Fine, vigorous and tall;
But, void of principle and taste,
The rascals stole them all.

I mourn'd the havoc made, awhile,
It was a less severe;
Thy victory, Nelson! at the Nile,
Cost me exceeding dear.

Yet time the injury may repair:
A new and numerous race,
Hereafter may their branches rear,
And future triumphs grace.

A thousand Shrubs profusely gay,
This winding walk inclose;
And amorous breezes gently play,
With every flower that blows.

I love the rich redundant growth,
That tempts me to be free;
And by its quick and liberal blowth,
Supplies my friends and me:

Nor shews vacuities behind,
A plenty still in store;
Nature is bountiful and kind,
And hourly gives us more.

Though temporary be their bloom,
Successive joys they give;
Emit their delicate perfume,
And bless us whilst they live.

These have their value, but for use,
My Fruit has stronger claims;
The finer sorts, my walls produce,
The best of all, my frames.

Such was the food to Man assign'd,
  Ere sin his powers debas'd;
And grosser appetites combin'd,
  To vitiate his taste.

Here, not unfrequent, am I blest,
  With visits from the Fair:
Such friendships well deserve the best,
  And liberal is their share.

Her bosom each with myrtle decks,
  Fasten'd with pin or clasp,
And a sweet Nosegay each expects,
  As big as she can grasp.

Sometimes the interesting tale,
  The evening will beguile:
Or vocal harmony regale,
  The raptur'd ear awhile:

Occasions too are oft embrac'd,
  When kind associates meet,
Adorn'd with talents and with taste,
  To make our converse sweet.

Now full of frolic, glad at heart,
Our junior friends arrive:
Alert through every place they dart,
And make us all alive.

There some are saunt'ring arm in arm,
Discussing youthful themes;
Others more active, void of harm,
Indulge their playful schemes.

The Girls are scamp'ring o'er the grass,
All innocently free;
Or dancing round with nimble pace,
The favorite Mulberry-tree.

The Boys robust, with dextrous aim,
Each other briskly pelt;
But guilder-roses never maim,
They're light, and scarcely felt.

Now climbing, swinging, running round,
Then searching for a nest;
And twenty other pranks are found,
Each in its turn the best.

But such exertions tire at length,
And down they lie supine;
Or renovate exhausted strength,
With Tea, or Cake and Wine.

Their pockets full and strutting out,
A smile on every face;
They vow, and who the fact can doubt?
'Tis a delightful place.

Our hearty compliments exchang'd,
We part warm friends and true:
And my poor Shrubbery, much derang'd,
Claims a short respite too.

How I enjoy it, when I can
Communicate delight!
Sure 'tis a part of Nature's plan,
It is,—it must be right.

Indulgent Heaven the whole bestows,
To expand the human mind;
And when the grateful heart o'erflows,
It cannot but be kind.

Well, now the evening twilight grey,
  Its sombrous veil extends:
My boasted beauties fade away,
  And this description ends.

These rude and unharmonious strains,
  My genuine feelings tell;
Though much is sung, much yet remains,
  But now, sweet Vale! farewell!

THE CALENDAR:

OR A SKETCH OF THE MONTHS.

*** *A Lady, several years since, presented the Author's eldest Daughter, with The Polite Repository, or Pocket Companion: the little Volume being deemed too elegant to be filled up with juvenile memorandums, it was proposed to give it a greater degree of consequence, by writing therein one line of Verse, every day in the year: this hint produced the following Sketch of the Months; in which the Writer does not attempt an accurate description of each, which is indeed scarcely practicable, intending only to lead the attention to a few of the most striking and appropriate circumstances, which mark the several periods, and to suggest suitable reflections. It is scarcely worth noticing, that, he has considerably increased the number of lines, above that originally proposed.*

JANUARY.

THE months their annual course commence,
Their various blessings to dispense;
For all in different forms combine,
In one benevolent design.

Rude January stands in front,
Fitted to bear the fiercest brunt;
With aspect stern and brow severe,
To introduce the infant Year.

Far as the roving eye extends,
The soft and flaky shower descends:
White and more white the Landscapes grow,
Forming one boundless scene of Snow.

No verdure now relieves the eye:
And when the Sun illumes the sky,
His sloping rays reflected bright,
Distress us with excessive light.

Vain all our efforts to describe,
How the plough'd lands, can now imbibe
Nutritious virtues, yet the effect,
From past experience, we expect;
And the deep snow, a guard complete,
From cold intense protects the Wheat.

Now o'er the firm and frozen Lake,
Our Skaiters their diversion take;

Or on the River gayly glide,
In graceful curves, as skill may guide.

Our Gardens little can disclose,
Except the scentless christmas-rose:
The Hepatica indeed will blow,
But now lies buried in the snow:
Yet the warm green-house still supplies,
What Nature rigidly denies;
Beauties as lovely to the eye,
As those which boast a summer's sky:
And every flower that blossoms there,
Delights us more, because 'tis rare.

FEBRUARY.

The cold is less severely felt,
It thaws,—the snow begins to melt;

The heavens with clouds are overcast,
And drenching rains are falling fast.

The River rises quick and strong,
The floating Ice drives swift along:
Disdaining its accustom'd bounds,
The Flood o'erflows the neighbouring grounds;
Acquires accumulated force,
And with wide havoc marks its course.

The aqueous vapours hang so low,
The nearest hills we scarcely know.

At intervals, we hasten out,
Ascend the heights, and look about;
Amply repaid, if one, by chance,
Of Spring can catch a partial glance.
The primrose 'midst the wither'd grass,
Is seiz'd by the first lucky lass:
And, still to February true,
The Snow-drop, here and there, we view;
With drooping head, that wet appears,
Like injur'd Innocence in tears.

The Willows too display aloft,
Their downy blossoms, silky soft:
The Hazel shows its early powers,
In little, crimson, star-like, flowers:
The Catkins their farina drop,
And thus secure a future crop:
And the Mezereons now assume,
Their powerful odorif'rous bloom.

MARCH.

The exhalations clear'd away,
We hail the bright and cheerful day;
The steady gales are sharp and dry,
And give us a cerulean sky.

The ploughmen drive the shining share,
And lay the sod, inverted, bare;

Then with the dragging harrows toil,
Till they have pulveriz'd the soil.
The Sower to the cultur'd land,
Commits the seed with liberal hand:
'Tis hope that sweetens their employ,
They may hereafter reap in joy.

The Gardener now is all alive,
To make his vegetables thrive:
Whilst interest bids him be alert,
He should be skilful and expert;
His early crops, expos'd to frost,
In one cold night may all be lost:
Our trees and plants and flowers demand,
A watchful and experienc'd hand.
May Heaven propitious seasons send,
And all our cares in blessings end!

The school-boy with inventive powers,
Employs abroad his leisure hours:
His Kite is elevated high,
Seeming amongst the clouds to fly;
Aloft, it fronts the opponent wind,
But by the adjusting string confin'd,

Thus young ambition will aspire,
Whilst fortune flatters warm desire;
Yet much a friendly check it needs,
For prudent caution best succeeds.

Of equal length, the day and night,
Divide the darkness and the light:
And now the Sun, above the Line,
Will with increasing vigour shine.

The daffodils their tufts unfold,
The richer crocus shines like gold;
The anemone delights us too,
With its diversity of hue;
And every day, with pleasure new,
Restores some long-lost flower to view.

APRIL.

Pruning and grafting all complete,
Manur'd and rang'd in order neat,

The Gardens and the Fields are drest,
And Nature must perform the rest.

Betweeu the soft prolific showers,
The Sun exerts his genial powers,
And o'er the verdant teeming earth,
Gives to a thousand beauties birth.
Sweet Season! when each following day,
The landscapes some new charms display;
And fresh discoveries we make,
In every rural walk we take.

How pleasant, rambling all around,
To search where Violets may be found!
Their claim to beauty is but small,
But then their fragrance pleases all;
And every active girl and boy,
Will a spring-morning much enjoy.

April assumes an aspect mild,
But is as fickle as a child;
Now, wears a frown, and then, a smile,
Now peevish, and then, pleas'd awhile;
Yet the benignant plan proceeds,
And Spring with beauty strews the meads.

Each vegetable, every hour,
Gives us a proof of latent power:
Millions of buds, minute at first,
From trees and shrubs incessant burst;
And every bud, whate'er the source,
Possesses some degree of force;
Go, calculate the sum immense,
And trace it to Omnipotence!

MAY.

Advancing still, the vernal day,
Salutes the charming month of May.
Plums, Pears, and Cherries, now resume,
Successively their copious bloom;
Nect'rine and Peach with blushing red,
Their rich and fan-like branches spread;
All full of promise, yet how frail,
One luckless blast, and all may fail!

With graces multiplied and new,
The improving scenery we view;
The fields which recently were seen,
Quite fallow, now are clothed in green;
And every verdant furrow shows,
Where the expected harvest grows.

Now all the feathered tribes prepare,
Their downy progeny to rear.
Each bird of Air selects a mate,
For intercourse of transient date.
Thereby accomplishing the ends,
Which a wise Providence intends.
But Man is form'd for friendship firm,
Lasting as is his mortal term;
For strong attachments of the mind,
Which but with being are resign'd.

Ingenious to construct the comb,
The industrious Bees by thousands roam:
And every honey-cup explore,
Thence to collect their balmy store:
Whilst the gay season soft and warm,
Invites their crowded hives to swarm.

JUNE.

Sweet month! that never comes too soon,
The pride of all the year is June.
The Groves and Woodlands now unfold,
Their foliage delicate or bold;
In sweet assemblage all unite,
To yield us innocent delight.

The Sun, of light and heat the source,
Advances in his gen'rous course;
And, as the brilliant day extends,
His highest altitude ascends.

The Sheep, their fleeces soft and fine,
Now to the Shearer's hands resign;
Their own warm clothing, for our use
The unoffending flocks produce:
On which the Manufacturer toils,
And then presents us with the spoils.

The seed-grass, now become mature,
The prudent farmer must secure.
The Mower active, vigorous, blythe,
Stands with his sharpen'd crooked scythe;
On the green bank his doublet throws,
And to his strenuous labour goes.
Firm in his gait, and stepping wide,
Twisting himself from side to side,
His ample stroke with rushing sound,
Lays the thick swarth upon the ground.
Persisting thus, the field at length,
Submits to well-directed strength.
Thus perseverance will prevail,
Where instability must fail.

JULY.

Collected from the Hamlets near,
Men, Women, Boys, and Girls appear;
And with their busy forks begin,
The Grass to scatter light and thin,

Till spread o'er all the field it lies,
And there it gradually dries:
They turn it; as the Sun declines
Rake it in equi-distant lines;
Then form the hay-cocks in long rows,
And, for the night, their labours close;
Which, the next day, they will repeat,
Until the business be complete.
The scorching rays and freshening gale,
The humid particles exhale;
And haply if no showers descend,
The operations quickly end.

Next in succession o'er the Meads,
Rural activity proceeds:
The last full Wain, concludes the employ,
Hay-harvest ends, and ends in joy.
Ye Sons of Pleasure! proud and vain,
Who look on Rustics with disdain;
What will your wasted lives produce,
Compar'd with theirs, of equal use?
In labour, profit will be found,
But ye are cumberers of the ground!

We know not how to bear extremes;
Retreating from the noon-day beams,
We gladly to the shade repair,
Though not so fragrant or so fair,
And court the cooling breezes there.

AUGUST.

The spacious Corn-fields change their green,
For yellow, brown, or shades between;
And brighter, richer, colours shew,
As to maturity they grow.
Orchards and Gardens too produce,
Their stores for pleasure and for use:
Their various fruits of every kind,
With downy or with polish'd rind;
Their flavours generous or tart,
Delight to every taste impart.

Oppress'd with fervid heat we shun,
The blazing splendour of the Sun.
How welcome is the impervious Bower!
How grateful too the transient Shower!
And, sometimes, as the lightenings flash,
Hoarse thunders burst with dreadful clash;
And the big drops descending fast,
Alarm us, but they will not last.
These casual storms, th' horizon clear,
Of noxious vapours floating there:
And see, the colour'd Arch, appears,
That dissipates our groundless fears,
And tells us, the Almighty will,
His solemn covenant fulfil!

Now Autumn with complexion tann'd,
With a sharp Sickle in his hand,
Gives the glad signal, and the Swains
Rush forth to reap the fruitful Plains:
Their labour's hard, and coarse their fare,
Oh! let them in the bounty share.

SEPTEMBER.

Inur'd to toil, the Reapers wield,
Their weapons o'er the furrow'd field;
Collect and bind the rustling sheaves,
(Whilst the cool draught their thirst relieves)
Then range in shocks the golden grain,
To throw off incidental rain;
Till in the Barns the crops are stor'd;
And plenty crowns the festive Board.

The Harvest in the South is done,
In Northen districts just begun:
Extended is the rural sphere,
But Industry will persevere;
And, lest the day should close too soon,
Nature supplies the Harvest-moon;
Till the rich scenes in transport end,
And shouts of grateful praise ascend.

Short intermissions of employ,
Allow festivity and joy;
But Prudence soon the swains will lead,
To plough, and sow the precious seed;

And thus provide, with foresight clear,
A harvest for the following year.

The Sportsmen now their arms prepare,
To prosecute the sylvan war;
Exploring every stubble field,
For Partridges that lie conceal'd;
And if the covey chance to rise,
The well-aim'd shot destructive flies;
The wounded fluttering victims bleed,
And Man enjoys the cruel deed!
The timid unbefriended brute,
Engages next the hot pursuit:
Too feeble to resist, he tries
By swiftness to escape, but dies:
And savages his vitals tear,
Exulting o'er a conquer'd Hare!
Is this humanity? What then
Term we barbarity in Men?
Yet were these creatures, beast or fowl,
To multiply without control;
Our harvests, constantly annoy'd,
Would soon be utterly destroy'd.

OCTOBER.

Whilst the first blush of dewy morn,
Is usher'd in with hound and horn;
Our cultivators still proceed,
And rural efforts move with speed;
For now encroaching on the day,
Night claims a more extended sway.

Dismantled are the furrow'd fields,
Yet Nature still her bounty yields;
And from her lap profusely pours,
Her last, but rich, autumnal stores.
The Orchards and the Gardens show,
What liberal seasons can bestow;
The Pear, the Apple, and the Quince,
Gay with variety of tints:
Our walls with bloomy Plums are grac'd,
And boast the Peach of richer taste,
The Fig, with green or purple skin,
And Grapes, which still our preference win,
And tempt the eye, as on the Vine,
Their pale or ruddy clusters shine.

Our Standard-trees resign their fruit,
Our diff'rent purposes to suit;
Some, firm, for Winter's store produce,
Some, mellow, for immediate use:
But far the greater part ere long,
Will yield a beverage sweet or strong;
The weary Peasant's heart to cheer,
And last him till the following year:
And even politer classes bend,
Our sparkling Cider to commend.

The lovely Landscape now is chang'd,
And Nature's beauties all derang'd:
For vegetation has at length,
Exhausted all its annual strength;
And every object round us shows,
That Nature must awhile repose.

There is, though almost stripp'd of green,
A solemn grandeur in the scene:
Autumn his favorite shades of brown,
Has o'er the faded foliage thrown;
And Groves and Woodlands all around,
Shed their frail honours on the ground.

Thus lovely Youth its prime diverts,
Thus Manhood nobler powers exerts;
Then Age arrives,—arrive it must!
And lays their glories in the dust.

NOVEMBER.

How chang'd the prospect! dreary all,
The wither'd leaves, how fast they fall!
The Trees, their naked limbs expose,
Unpitied, to each wind that blows;
As if, with supplicating arms,
They wish'd restor'd their rifled charms.
The Clouds collected veil the skies,
The Sun to southern regions flies;
And wide around, the wasted plain
Is delug'd with incessant rain.

The course of Nature seems to doom,
This Month to overwhelming gloom.
Extensive desolation spreads;
The furious blast howls o'er our heads:

The days are short, obscure their light,
And Groves and Bowers no more invite;
Winter forbids us now to roam,
And we must seek our joys at home.
Nor can we properly applaud,
The youth who always looks abroad,
For comforts which his home supplies,
And where our best enjoyment lies.
In converse, or in books, we find
Employment for an active mind;
And here's the circle, where all move,
As in a sphere of mutual love;
Are not our winter-evenings sweet,
When round the blazing hearth we meet?
When one warm wish to please and bless,
Insures domestic happiness?

Perhaps we 're taught, for seasons teach,
To prize what lies within our reach:
The gayer months their charms supplied,
And every sense was gratified;
Now wise reflection claims our time,
And points to subjects more sublime.

DECEMBER.

Though Winter bears tyrannic sway,
And leaves us but the shreds of day;
We sometimes glance the distant Sun,
And gladly o'er the Garden run;
Searching if, haply, we may find,
Some pallid blossom left behind:
For what in June we should despise,
Thus late, will be esteem'd a prize.

The weather varies, never fix'd,
Hail, Rain, and Snow, all strangely mix'd:
Loud roars the flood, and louder still,
The storm that drives along the hill:
One hour 'tis dark, the next is clear,
Changes that mark the expiring Year!

Yet Nature lends her ever-greens,
To adorn our rites and festive scenes;
And joy and gladness visit Earth,
Whilst Mortals hail the Saviour's birth;
And mutual wishes good and kind,
Promote urbanity of mind.

Oh ! whilst with plenty you are blest,
Let charity inflame your breast :
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
Whilst modesty conceals the deed ;
And to the sad and sorrowing heart,
Your generous sympathies impart :
Let soft compassion wipe the tear,
That dims the eye and trembles there ;
Teach the unpractis'd lips to smile,
And human misery beguile.
Thus shall the present year conclude,
With cheerfulness and gratitude ;
And a new period shall commence,
With joy and warm benevolence.

To HIM, who framed the vast Machine,
Whose skill in every part is seen ;
Who bids the Sun, the Winds and Storm,
Their delegated tasks perform ;
Who bids the changing seasons roll,
Who animates and guides the whole ;
Who crowns with blessings all our days,
To HIM, ascribe perpetual praise !

DOMESTIC SORROWS.

*** *Aware that the afflictions of an individual have no claim upon general attention, the Author hopes that his young Readers will find an apology in their own feelings, for his subjoining the following elegiac verses. To his own family and friends, they may be neither unacceptable nor uninteresting. He owes much to the share they have taken in his grief: by every expression of attachment and sympathy, he is obliged and gratified; and to them particularly are the subsequent pieces addressed.*

Yet, Reader, if YOUR *bosom ever knew,*
The sympathy to deep affliction due;
Let the pure tear of pity fill that eye,
And honour these memorials with a sigh:
To my fond heart, though destin'd still to bleed,
Oh! 'twill be grateful, and I'll bless the deed.

OCCASIONED BY THE LOSS OF MY SECOND SON ROBERT,

WHO DIED, MAY 13, 1779;

AND OF MY FIRST DAUGHTER MARY,

WHO DIED, MAY 20, 1779.

WHAT periods of calamity severe,
Already mark my history, though brief!
In childhood sorrow frown'd on every year,
And my associate, even in youth, was grief.

But in maturer life, the sphere expands,
Our multiplied connexions spreading wide;
Throw the heart open, whilst affliction stands,
Ready to pierce it in the tenderest side.

Exempted only from corporeal pain,
The station of solicitude was mine:
And Oh! how miserable to sustain!
Yet Oh! too interesting to resign!

Not unexpected, death his entrance makes,
Dread visitant! determinate and bold
He grasps my charming Boy, and threatening shakes,
His dart terrific o'er my trembling fold.

Dear Boy! thy frame robust, so made for strength;
Thy infant mind so thoughtful and sedate;
We fondly hoped, a more than usual length
Of life, had been allotted thee by fate.

Dear Boy! to thee my honour'd Father's name,
Wishing its long continuance, we gave:
But heaven has disconcerted the fond aim,
And early thus, consigns thee to the grave!

Dear Child! first sacrifice of wedded life!
Devoted Lamb! selected from my flock!
Almighty Mercy! spare, Oh! spare my Wife,
And kindly aid her to support the shock!

How anxious to retain what most we love!
To grasp tenaciously what Heaven denies!
Seven gloomy days elapse, and death removes
His petrifying visit—Mary dies!

It seem'd as if peculiar vengeance came,
Arm'd with divine commission, to o'erthrow,
To sweep away my family and name,
And leave me wretched in a world of woe!

What must a husband and a father feel,
Whilst brooding o'er the desolating scene;
Constrain'd his own distraction to conceal,
And, against nature, to appear serene!

Mary was lovely as the opening bloom
Of budding roses, breathing balmy sweet!
But she receives the irrevocable doom,
The seventh short year of childhood incomplete!

What could from innocence and beauty flow,
What form, complexion, features, could confer,
What temper, mind and manners could bestow,
At such an age, concentrated in her.

How frail are all our joys! how transient those
Which flatter most, and promise most delight!
Thus the bright day, will oft obscurely close,
And introduce a dark tempestuous night:

And now the storm subsides, its rage is o'er,
Reluctant health comes slowly to relieve:
But what our wounded spirits can restore?
We live indeed, but Oh! we live to grieve.

To our sweet Babes, we'll consecrate this grove,
With their loy'd names inscribe the meanest urn;
And oft to gratify parental love,
We'll visit here to meditate and mourn.

We'll cull the choicest products of the spring,
And plant them here to flourish and to bloom;
And wreaths of earliest foliage too we'll bring,
With every fragrant flower to deck their tomb.

Here faithful Mem'ry will retrace their charms,
And we'll imagine them restor'd to view;
We'll clasp their forms ideal in our arms,
And cherish grief, we wish not to subdue.

When, this vain world receding from our sight,
With calm submission we resign our breath;
We'll fly to embrace them in yon world of light,
And in the prospect triumph over death!

ON THE DEATH OF MY THIRD DAUGHTER ELIZABETH,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 1, 1779.

Sweetly delicate and pale,
Like the Lily of the Valé;
Gentle, innocent, and mild,
Was my little lovely child.

Scarcely had the rolling Sun,
Half his annual journey run;
Ere my infant charmer dropt,
Like a snow-drop rudely cropt.

Pretty bud of being! why
Destin'd early thus to die?
Transient Flower! so soon to fall,
Why allow'd to bloom at all?

Oh! to teach us, HE that gave,
Has a right to all we have;
And with meekness just like thine,
All our comforts to resign.

Oh! to call our hearts away,
From a world that will betray;
And to tell us joys so frail,
Must inevitably fail.

Oh! to teach us when in grief,
Where to seek and find relief:
And to fix our warmest love,
On a better world above.

Oh! to raise a hope divine,
That our spirits greeting thine,
Shall again in rapture meet,
In a state of bliss complete!

Be these solemn truths impress'd,
On my agitated breast!
May this blessed hope impart,
Soothing comfort to my heart!

Source of every perfect gift!
These sad eyes to thee, I lift:
To thy promis'd grace I flee,
And commit my all to thee!

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER

LUCY,

WHICH HAPPENED OCTOBER 31, 1788,

Fifteen days before the decease of her dear mother.

How painful is the period of suspense!
When every moment gives some new alarm;
When, watching with solicitude intense,
Disease pernicious rifles every charm!

Protracted wretchedness! that day by day,
  But multiplies the agonies I feel;
That tears some fibre of my heart away,
  And adds fresh wounds to those that never heal!

To watch the flush upon the deep-sunk cheek,
  The brow, by long-continued pain deprest'd,
The pallid lips, that feebly try to speak,
  The short quick breath, the palpitating breast;

The languid eyes, which once benignly bright,
  Could every movement of my heart control;
Now veil'd in dim obscurity their light:
  Yet Oh! they plierce me to the very soul!

Three rapid Summers had not yet expir'd,
  Since they first became our welcome guest;
Her infantine attractions we admir'd,
  And all that was attractive she possess'd!

How much of hope to promis'd joys we give?
  And yet how false our expectations prove!
And when the dear delusions cease to live,
  How dear we pay in grief for lavish love!

Severe the trial! In my trembling arms,
The Mother, or her shadowy form, I took,
To visit lovely Lucy's faded charms,
And take one last—one melancholy look!

Light was the burden which my arms sustain'd,
But Oh! the weighty pressure on my heart!
Ah! Grief lies heavy when it is restrain'd,
And kindness will impose the guile of art!

In solemn sadness, to the grave convey'd,
My Lucy slumbers with her kindred there:
But soon another visit must be paid!
What, my distracted bosom, canst thou bear!

Just Heaven! subdue me to thy righteous will,
Support me whilst beneath the afflictive rod;
And let me feel the blest assurance still,
I have a refuge, and that refuge, God!

WRITTEN AFTER THE AWFUL EVENT, ANTICIPATED IN THE PRECEDING ELEGY,

HAD TAKEN PLACE,

WHICH WAS ON NOVEMBER 15, 1788.

THE scene is clos'd, and hush'd the adverse storm;
The meek and lovely saint resigns her breath:
The vital spark extinct, the faded form
Lodg'd in yon dark receptacle of death!

Whilst life continued, hope persisted still,
To blend some treacherous pleasure with my pain;
Prompt assiduity, affection, skill,
All lent their willing aid, but all in vain!

A dreadful certainty succeeds suspense;
A solemn stillness awful as the tomb!
Yet habit often will impose on sense,
And fancy start amidst the impending gloom.

Where now the gaudy prospects, once so bright?
The joys which youthful inexperience drew?
Where now the promis'd permanent delight,
Which love inspir'd and hope presum'd were true?

Oh! I remember, with what ardent speed,
I urg'd my suit, and won the charming Fair;
When Heaven approving smil'd upon the deed,
And generous Friendship bless'd the happy pair.

Love, honour, piety, and truth, combin'd,
With manners elegant, and temper sweet;
And every charm of feature and of mind,
To render my commencing bliss complete.

Precarious bliss! the illusive phantom flies!
HE now reclaims, who first the treasure gave!
Torn from my side the dear enchantress lies,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the grave!

Oh! whilst forlorn and desolate I rove,
Through this inhospitable world of woe;
She, now releas'd, explores the realms above,
Exempt from every sorrow felt below!

Yes there before the eternal throne she stands,
In robes of joy and righteousness array'd;
The palm of triumph waving in her hands,
And radiant glory beaming round her head.

With fond solicitude she views the place,
And soon her long-lost cherubs bless her sight;
With mutual rapture rush to her embrace,
And hail her, welcome to the world of light.

Surrounded with the innumerable throng,
Of happy spirits, chosen priests and kings;
The new-arrived Saint attempts the song,
And with congenial ardor sweeps the strings.

Now swells the harmony, the rapt'rous strains,
In sweetest concord every harp employ;
Praise echoes o'er the immeasurable plains,
Praise all inspir'd by gratitude and joy.

Supreme delight! Felicity divine!
When shall I call the transport too my own?
But the bright scene, reluctant, I resign;
For frail mortality confines me down.

Yet shall my heart the grateful tribute raise,
To conjugal fidelity and love:
Thy image, Fanny! time shall ne'er efface,
Till I embrace thee in the world above!

With thee, though absent from my longing eyes,
Kind Spirit! I converse and find relief;
Blend richest hopes with unavailing sighs,
And tune my heart to pleasurable grief.

The strong attractions of a love so pure,
This heart has felt, and still delights to feel;
But Oh! the wound, that time can never cure,
And which eternity alone can heal!

Sweet messengers of peace! from heaven descend,
Come Patience, Hope, and Resignation meek;
In my pain'd bosom all your virtues blend,
And calmly guide me to the rest I seek!

OCCASIONED

BY A RECOLLECTION OF THE EVENT

WHICH PRODUCED THE FOREGOING ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1803.

THE blossom'd Spring, and Summer's scenes so gay,
Like all terrestial pleasures, quickly fade:
November now obscures the shorten'd day,
And wraps all nature in protracted shade.

Once more returns the season mark'd with woe,
When melancholy seizes on my heart:
When Mem'ry bids the stream of sorrow flow,
And urges deeper still the rankling dart.

Oh! 'twas a period of distinguish'd fate,
That struck me speechless. Grief when in excess,
Benumbs the Soul, and must itself abate,
Ere the heart yields to exquisite distress.

'Tis the clear retrospect, that must explain
The sorrowful detail: the barbed steel
When first inserted, gives not half the pain,
Which the poor wretch will subsequently feel.

With life but just escap'd the ruthless main,
From the bleak rock, the mariner surveys,
The floating fragments of his former gain,
And sees how dearly for escape he pays.

He ne'er know misery, who could not boast
Joys antecedent, in the loss of which
He feels himself, to hope for ever lost,
The poorer now, for being once so rich.

Ah! what is life, when every tender tie
Of sweet domestic fellowship is broke?
When fate's sharp arrows in succession fly,
And pierce us with reiterated stroke!

Thus, whilst despondency o'erwhelms the mind,
Even fancy wilt the dark complexion wear;
And in her wild excursions objects find,
Illustrative of misery severe.

But when these plaintive numbers I review,
I check the ungrateful strain, nor dare repine:
To Heaven's high will is meek submission due,
And to that will my comforts I resign.

In just proportions are our joys assign'd,
Our sorrows never are employ'd in vain;
Wisdom and kindness are in both combin'd,
And truth and mercy will the whole explain.

Great Source of Being! reconcile my heart,
To those events which thou disposest best!
And Oh! those calm, consoling, hopes impart,
Which terminate in everlasting rest!

ON THE LOSS OF MY DAUGHTER MARY,

THE SECOND OF THAT NAME,

WHO DIED MARCH 10, 1799,

In the sixteenth year of her age.

Few weeks are past, since o'er the op'ning grave,
Dubious I lay: but Mercy stoop'd to save,

To avert the impending stroke, a respite give,
And, O supremely kind! to bid me live.
Brief interval of pain! scarce had I scann'd,
The little schemes which former health had plann'd;
Scarce had my frame enfeebled gain'd in part,
Its wonted strength, my unassured heart
Looking around for comfort,— when the storm,
Return'd, dark-low'ring, in portentous form;
Obscur'd the light of Heaven as it spread,
And burst with awful fury o'er my head!
Our joys are transient visitants, awhile
They wear a soft insinuating smile;
In every art of sweet deception skill'd,
Profuse in promise ne'er to be fulfill'd:
Flush'd with gay hopes, we clasp them to our breasts,
And welcome them as our perpetual guests;
Till unexpectedly the visit ends,
And they prove traitors, whom we deem'd our friends.
Adversity all specious art disdains,
Asks not admission, yet admission gains;
Scorns all resistance, enters stern and bold,
Possession claims, and will possession hold:

With forc'd submission we receive the stroke,
And bend reluctant to the galling yoke.
Yet wisdom drew the complicated plan;
And HE, who form'd, preserves, and governs, man,
Administers in just proportion still,
The pleasing and the painful, good and ill.
He with a Father's pitying eye corrects,
But to produce the happiest effects:
He suffers us to taste the bitter fruits,
With which this world rewards our vain pursuits;
Checks our unholy passions and inspires,
Superior principles and pure desires;
Encouraging the afflicted Soul to rise,
And seek her happiness above the skies;
And by the kind result at length will prove
He ne'er employ'd chastisement but in love.
But though religion thus supplies relief,
It moderates, not extinguishes our grief;
Applauds our sympathy for others woes,
Nor blames the sigh that will our own disclose;
And shows us, at the grave where Lazarus slept,
Our tears where sanctified, when Jesus wept.
Welcome Vacation now commenc'd, when free
To enjoy the allotted interval with me,

My Mary came: her countenance serene,
And lovely as the blossom'd vernal scene:
With manners artless, and with temper meek,
Apparent health, full-blooming on her cheek;
Sweet as the blushing rose-bud, half expos'd,
And half within the fragrant moss inclos'd;
All innocent of ill, exempt from guile,
How did she bless me with her winning smile!
No affectation, no disguise allow'd,
She spoke but what her honest heart avow'd;
Prompt to oblige, with purest friendship warm'd,
For strong attachment and affection form'd.
Her early virtue, modesty and truth,
Combin'd with all the attractive charms of youth,
To promise long enjoyment, and presage
The growing blessings of advancing age.
But oh! while fertile fancy was employ'd,
In dreams of dear delight, TO BE enjoy'd;
Whilst my fond heart was eager to procure,
What might her growing happiness insure,
The sweet delusion fled!—Foreboding fear,
Suggested doubts of fatal danger near;
Disease long latent, latent now no more,
Repels all skill, all effort to restore:

Sad symptoms multiply, succeeding fast,
And, painful process! each exceeds the last.
With anxious eye the struggle I survey'd,
And every change solicitously weigh'd;
From thence with fond invention to derive
Some specious arguments to keep alive,
My languid hopes Yet the big tear would start,
Reverse my reasoning, and betray my heart!
Thus the beam vacillates, unknowing where,
With certainty to fix, whilst hope and fear,
(No long suspense!) alternately prevail,
Till fate decides, and sinks the adverse scale.
Deep was the wound I felt, nor will it close,
Till the same destiny concludes my woes.
Yet she was tranquil, patient, and resign'd,
Though leaving all the joys of youth behind:
Willing to live, yet dreading not to die,
To Heaven she rais'd her calm expectant eye:
Peaceful her end, and the last parting breath
So placid, it was rather sleep than death!
I thank thee, gracious Father! O how kind,
To deal so gently with a gentle mind;
To soothe, to cheer her spirits when depress'd,
To apply the balm of comfort to her breast;

To place beneath her thy supporting arm,
And death of all its terrors to disarm!
Oh! I will love thee! Thou her pray'r didst hear,
Accept my praise, imperfect, but sincere.
There lies my lovely Girl! but oh! how chang'd,
Faded her bloom, her features how derang'd,
For ever clos'd is that mild beaming eye,
Lifeless that bosom early taught to sigh;
And motionless that heart, which lately beat,
So true to filial love, and friendship sweet;
Silent that tongue, which to the heart as true,
A sentiment discordant never knew;
Cold is that hand, affectionately soft,
With gentle pressure clasp'd in mine so oft;
And that fine form, that charm'd me so before,
Inanimate, attracting now no more!
She was a treasure, but a claim divine
Preferr'd by Heaven, annihilated mine:
I priz'd it highly, nor without a groan,
Can I resign the temporary loan.
Yet for the past I'm thankful,—thankful too,
That I can still recal lost joys to view;
Revive departed friendships, and retrace
Each trivial circumstance of time and place,

Render'd important by some kindred tie,
Some sweet endearment; and by these supply
The absence of reality. Each day
Shall thus, not uninstructive, glide away,
Nor quite unhappy. O I love to think,
To arrange the chain of thought, place every link
In well-connected order, and combine
Past, present, future, in one splendid line,
Long since commenc'd, continuing through time,
And terminating in yon blissful clime!
For Memory and Hope alliance claim,
Diverging wide, but with one generous aim,
To explore remotest regions, and to pour
Collected blessings on the present hour.
If recollection languish, Hope applies
Her mystic tube, and points it to the skies,
Exhibiting to view in prospect bright,
The distant scenes of infinite delight.
Transporting Vision! Expectation sweet!
And shall I there my lost associates meet?
There recognize each lovely form and face,
Their beauties heighten'd with superior grace?
Shall this glad heart its kindred claims renew?
And Heaven immortalize a love so true?

Yes, every pure affection planted here,
Shall grow and be perpetuated there:
For HE, who once in triumph left the grave,
HE, who has power, almighty power, to save;
HE who assum'd a body like our own,
Who has our friendships and our sorrows known;
Who felt our sympathies, and still can feel,
HE will, nor long the time, our mis'ries heal;
Our dearest amities and joys restore,
And bid the sorrowing sufferer weep no more.
Then shall the virtuous passions form'd below,
Ennobled, with superior ardor glow;
And kindred spirits in rich rapture meet,
Their love all perfect, and their bliss complete!

THE END.

Printed by G. M. Smith,
Chipping-Norton.